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HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS,

AND

THE LORDS OF THE ISLES.

BY THE EDITOR.

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IV.

VII. JOHN MACDONALD of Isla, first Lord of the Isles, who played a most important part in the turbulent age in which he lived. He is admitted by all authorities to have been one of the most able and sagacious chiefs of his time, and, by his diplomacy and alliances, more than by the sword, he raised the clan to a position of splendour and power which they have not attained to since the days of Somerled. In his time Scotland was divided and harrassed by various claimants to the crown, the principal of whom were the second Bruce and Edward Baliol. John of the Isles sided with the latter, more probably with the object of recovering, and maintaining intact, the ancient possessions of his house, than for any preference he entertained for Baliol and his English supporters. The Island chiefs had always, more or less, claimed to be independent of the Scottish kings, and naturally enough it appeared to John of the Isles that to aid Baliol against Bruce would be the most effective means of strengthening his family pretensions. He was perfectly satisfied that the Scottish king would not admit the claim to independence of any competitor within his realm; whereas Baliol, not only entertained his pretensions, but actually confirmed him "as far as in him lay," not only to the vast territories already possessed by him, but to an extensive addition, granting him by charter, in 1355, the lands of Mull, Skye, Islay, Gigha, Kintyre, Knapdale, and other large possessions. For these favours John bound himself and his heirs to become lieges to the Baliols; for he well knew that even if they succeeded to establish their claim to the crown he would be practically independent in the Western Isles, and could at any time re-assert his old pretensions. He, however, visited England in 1338, and was well received by Edward III., to whom, it is said, he acknowledged vassalage. John and the Regent had some disputes about the lands granted by Robert the Bruce to Angus Og of the Isles, which was the main cause of the Island chief being thrown into the arms of Baliol's party, who, in addition to the lands above-mentioned, also granted him

the Wardship of Lochaber, until the heir of Athol, at the time only three years of age, attained his majority. These territories had been previously forfeited by his ancestors on the accession of Robert Bruce; and the grant to John of the Isles was confirmed by Edward III. on the 5th of October 1336. In spite of all this, however, and the great advantages to Baliol of securing the support of a powerful chief like John of the Isles, the Regent was ultimately successful in freeing Scotland from the dominion and pretensions of the English and their unpatriotic tool, Edward Baliol; and established the independence of his own country.

In 1341 the Steward sent to France for David II., to commence his personal reign in Scotland; but the Island chief was too powerful to suffer materially in person or property for his disloyalty. Indeed, King David on his return deemed it the wisest policy to attach as many of the Scottish barons to his party as possible; and with this view he concluded a treaty with John of the Isles, by which a temporary peace was secured between them, and in consequence of which the Insular Chief was, for the first time during his whole rule, not in active opposition to the Scottish king. Gregory, referring to these transactions, says that "on the return of David II. from France, after the final discomfiture of Baliol and his supporters, John of the Isles was naturally exposed to the hostility of the Steward and the other nobles of the Scottish party, by whose advice he seems to have been forfeited, when many of his lands were granted to one of his relations, Angus MacIan, progenitor of the house of Ardnamurchan. This grant, however, did not take effect; and such was the resistance offered by John and his kinsman, Reginald or Ranald, son of Roderick MacAlan (who had been restored, in all probability, by Baliol, to the lands forfeited by his father), and so anxious was David at the time to bring the whole force of his kingdom together in his intended wars with England, that he at length pardoned both these powerful chiefs, and confirmed to them the following possessions:—To John he gave the Isles of Isla, Gigha, Jura, Scarba, Colonsay, Mull, Coll, Tiree, and Lewis, and the districts of Morvern, Lochaber, Duror, and Gleneco; to Ranald the Isles of Uist, Barra, Egg, and Rum, and the Lordship of Garmoran, being the original possessions of his family in the North. By this arrangement, Kintyre, Knapdale, and Skye, reverted to their former owners, and Lorn remained in the hands of the crown, whilst it is probable that Ardnamurchan was given as a compensation to Angus MacIan." The Lordship of Garmoran comprehended the districts of Moidart, Arisaig, Morar, and Knoydart, on the mainland. Not long after this Ranald, son of Rory of the Isles, and last male representative of Roderick of Bute, grandson of Somerled of the Isles, was, in 1346, murdered, as already stated, at Perth by the Earl of Ross, from whom he held lands in Kintail; and, leaving no issue, his sister Amy, who married John of the Isles, in terms of the grant in his favour by David II., became her brother's heir, when her husband, uniting her possessions to his own, assumed henceforth the style of *Dominus Insularum*, or Lord of the Isles. The first recorded instance of the assumption of this title by John of Isla, is in an indenture with the Lord of Lorn, in 1354. "Thus was formed," continues Gregory, "the modern Lordship of the Isles, comprehending the territories of the Macdonalds of Isla, and the Macruaries of the North Isles, and a great part of those of the Macdougalls of Lorn; and although the representative of

the latter family was nominally restored to the estates of his ancestors on the occasion of his marriage with a niece of the king, yet he was obliged to leave the Lord of the Isles in possession of such portion of the Lorn estates as had been granted to the latter by David in 1344. The daughter and heiress of John de Ergadia, or Macdugall, the restored Lord of Lorn, carried Lorn proper to her husband, Robert Stewart, founder of the Rosyth family, by whom the Lordship was sold to his brother, John Stewart of Innerneath, ancestor of the Stewarts, Lord of Lorn."

This acquisition of territory added immensely to the power and influence of the Lord of the Isles, and though he was at the time on friendly terms with King David, the Government became concerned as to the consequences of permitting the ancient territories of Somerled to become again united in the person of such an able and already powerful chief as the Lord of the Isles. They therefore determined to place every obstacle in his way, and refused to acknowledge him as the rightful heir to Ranald MacRuari of the Isles, and his wife Amy dying soon after, advantage was taken of her death to refuse him a title to her lands, while the Government even went the length of asserting that the marriage with the Lord of the Isles, on which his claim was founded, had been irregular, and therefore could not be recognised. This naturally aroused the ire of the great chief; he was again in opposition, and in the ranks of the Baliol party; but the English king having had to direct his attention to the war with France, a treaty was entered into between the Scottish king and the former before his opposition could produce any consequences detrimental to the Government of Scotland.

Shortly after this a very extraordinary change took place in the character and position of the different factions in Scotland which had the effect once more of detaching the Lord of the Isles from the English interest, and of inducing him to take his natural position among the barons who stood out for the independence of Scotland. Skene puts the state of parties at this period and the ultimate result in a remarkably clear and concise form, and says—Previously to the return of David II, from captivity in England in 1357, the established Government and the principal barons of the kingdom had, with the exception of those periods when Edward Baliol had gained a temporary success, been invariably hostile to the English claims, while it was merely a faction of the nobility, who were in opposition to the Court, that supported the cause of Baliol and of English supremacy. John, from the natural causes arising from his situation, and urged by the continued policy of the Government being directed towards the reduction of his power and influence, was always forced into opposition to the administration, for the time, by which this policy was followed, and when the opposing faction consisted of the adherents of the English interest, the Island lord was naturally found among them, and was thus induced to enter into treaty with the King of England. On the return of David, however, the situation of parties became materially altered; the King of Scotland now ranked as Edward of England's staunchest adherent, and secretly seconded all his endeavours to overturn the independence of Scotland, while the party which had throughout supported the throne of Scotland and the cause of independence were in consequence thrown into active opposition to the crown. The natural consequence of this change was that the Lord of the Isles left the party

to which he had so long adhered as soon as it became identified with the royal faction, and was thus forced into connection with those with whom he had been for so many years at enmity.

The Steward of Scotland, who was at the head of this party, was of course desirous of strengthening himself by means of alliances with the most powerful barons of the country, and he therefore received the accession of so important a person with avidity, and cemented their union by procuring the marriage of the Lord of the Isles with his own daughter. John now adhered steadfastly to the party of the Steward, and took an active share in all its proceedings, along with the other barons by whom they were joined, but without any open manifestation of force, until the year 1366, when the country was in a state of irritation from the heavy burdens imposed upon the people in order to raise the ransom of their king, and when the jealousy of David towards the Steward had at length broken out so far as to cause the former to throw his own nephew and the acknowledged successor to his throne into prison. The northern barons, who belonged to his party, broke out into open rebellion, and refused to pay their proportion of the general taxation, or attend the parliament, to which they were frequently summoned. Matters appear to have remained in this state, and the northern chiefs to have actually assumed independence for upwards of two years, until David had at last brought himself to apply to the Steward as the only person capable of restoring peace to the country, and charged him to put down the rebellion.

In consequence of this appeal, the Steward, who was unwilling to be considered as the disturber of the peace of the kingdom, and whose ends were better forwarded by steady opposition to the Court party than by open rebellion, took every means in his power to reduce the insurgent noblemen to obedience; but although he succeeded in obtaining the submission of John of Lorn and Gillespie Campbell, and although the Earls of Mar and Ross, with other northern barons, whose object was gained by the restoration of the Steward to freedom, voluntarily joined him in his endeavours, the Lord of the Isles refused to submit, and, secure in the distance, and in the inaccessible nature of his territories, set the royal power at defiance. But the state of affairs in France soon after requiring the undivided attention of the English king, he was obliged to come to terms with the Scots, and a peace having been concluded between the two countries on the most favourable terms for the latter, the Scottish Government was left at liberty to turn its attention wholly towards reducing the Isles to obedience. In order to accomplish this, David II., well aware of the cause of the rebellion of the Isles, and of the danger of permitting matters to remain in their present position, at length determined, and that with a degree of energy which his character had given little reason to expect, in person to proceed against the rebels, and for this purpose commanded the attendance of the Steward with the barons of the realm. But the Steward, now perceiving that the continuance of the rebellion of the Isles would prove fatal to his party, by the great influence which he possessed over his son-in-law, succeeded in persuading him to meet the king at Inverness, and to submit himself to his authority, and the result of this meeting was a treaty entered into between "*Johannes de Yla, dominus insularum*" on the one hand, and "*David, Dei gratia rex Scotorum*" on the other, in which John not only engaged to submit



to the royal authority and to take his share of all public burdens, but also to put down all others who dared to raise themselves in opposition to the regal authority. For the fulfilment of this obligation the Lord of the Isles not only gave his own oath, but offered the High Steward, his father-in-law, as security, and delivered his lawful son, Donald, by the Steward's daughter, his grandson, Angus, by his eldest lawful son, John, and a natural son, also named Donald, into the hands of the King as hostages.\*

By the accession of Robert Steward to the throne of Scotland, which took place shortly after this event, the Lord of the Isles was once more brought into close connection with the crown, and as John remained during the whole of this reign in a state of as great tranquillity as his father Angus had been during that of Robert Bruce, the policy of thus connect-

\* The following is a copy of the famous instrument which will be found at pp. 69-70 of "Invernessiana," by Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, F.S.A., Scot., M.P.—"To all who may see the present letters :—John de Yle, Lord of the Isles, wishes salvation in the Saviour of all. Since my most serene prince and master, the revered lord David, by the Grace of God, illustrious King of Scots, has been stirred up against my person because of certain faults committed by me, for which reason, coming humbly to the presence of my said lord, at the Town of Inverness, on the 15th day of the month of November, in the year of grace 1369, in the presence of the prelates, and of very many of the nobles of his kingdom, I offered and submitted myself to the pleasure and favour of my said master, by suppliantly entreating for favour and for the remission of my late faults, and since my said lord, at the instance of his council, has graciously admitted me to his goodwill and favour, granting besides that I may remain in (all) my possessions whatsoever and not be removed, except according to the process and demand of law : Let it be clearly patent to you all, by the tenor of these presents, that I, John de Yle, foresaid, promise and covenant, in good faith, that I shall give and make reparation to all good men of this kingdom whatsoever, for such injuries, losses, and troubles as have been wrought by me, my sons, or others whose names are more fully set forth in the royal letters of remission granted to me, and to whomsoever of the kingdom as are faithful I shall thus far make the satisfaction concluded for, and I shall justly note purchased lands and superiorities, and I shall govern them according to my ability ; I shall promptly cause my sons and my subjects, and others my adherents, to be in peaceable subjection, and that due justice shall be done to our lord the King, and to the laws and customs of his kingdom, and that they shall be obedient to, and shall appear before the justiciars, sheriffs, coroners, and other royal servants in each sheriffdom, even better and more obediently than in the time of Robert of good memory, the predecessor of my lord the King, and as the inhabitants of the said lands and superiorities have been accustomed to do. They shall answer, both promptly and dutifully, to the royal servants what is imposed regarding contributions and other burdens and services due, and also for the time past, and in the event that within the said lands or superiorities any person or persons shall offend against the King, or one or more of his faithful servants, and if he or they shall despise to obey the law, or if he or they shall be unwilling to obey in the premises, and in any one of the premises, I shall immediately, entirely laying aside stratagem and deceit, pursue that person or those persons as enemies, and as rebels of the King and kingdom, with all my ability, until he or they shall be expelled from the limits of the lands and superiorities, or I shall make him or them obey the common law : And for performing, implementing, and faithfully observing these things, all and each, I personally have taken the oath in presence of the foresaid prelates and nobles, and besides I have given and surrendered the under-written hostages, viz., Donald, my son, begotten of the daughter of the Lord Seneschal of Scotland, Angus, son of my late son John, and one Donald, another and natural son of mine, whom, because at the time of the completion of this present deed, I have not at present ready and prepared. I shall cause them to go into, or to be given up at the Castle of Dumbarton, at the feast of our Lord's birth now next to come, if I shall be able otherwise on this side, or at the feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin (or Candlemas, 2d February) next following thereafter, under pain of the breach of the oath given, and under pain of the loss of all things which, with regard to the lord our King, I shall be liable to lose, in whatever manner. And for securing the entrance of these hostages as promised, I have found my Lord Seneschal of Scotland, Earl of Strathern, security, whose seal for the purpose of the present security, and also for the greater evidence of the matter is appended, along with my own proper seal, to these presents in testimony of the premises. Acted and given, year, day, and place foresaid."

ing these turbulent chiefs with the Government by the ties of friendship and alliance, rather than that of attempting to reduce them to obedience by force and fortitude, became very manifest. King Robert, no doubt, saw clearly enough the advantage of following the advice left by Robert Bruce for the guidance of his successors, not to allow the great territories and extensive influence of these Island lords ever again to be concentrated in the person of one individual; but the claims of John were too great to be overlooked, and, accordingly, Robert had been but one year on the throne, when John obtained from him a feudal title to all those lands which had formerly belonged to Ranald, the son of Roderick, and which had been so long refused to him.

In order, however, to neutralise in some degree the effect of thus investing one individual with a feudal title to such extensive territories, and believing himself secure of the attachment of John during his lifetime, King Robert determined, since he could not prevent the accumulation of so much property in one family, at least, by bringing about its division among its different branches, to sow the seed of future discord, and eventually perhaps of the ruin of the race. He found little difficulty in persuading John, in addition to the usual practice in that family of gavelling the lands among the numerous offspring, to render the children of the two marriages *feudally* independent of each other, a fatal measure, the consequences of which John did not apparently foresee; and, accordingly, in the third year of his reign, King Robert confirmed a charter by John to Reginald, the second son of the first marriage, of the lands of Garmoran, which John had acquired by his marriage with Reginald's mother, to be held of John's heirs, that is to say, of the descendants of the eldest son of the first marriage, of whom one had been given as an hostage in 1369, and who would of course succeed to every one of John's possessions which were not feudally destined to other quarters. Some years afterwards John resigned a great part of the Western portion of his territories, consisting principally of the lands of Lochaber, Kintyre, and Knapdale, with the Island of Colonsay, into the King's hands, and received from him charters of these lands in favour of himself and his heirs by the marriage with the King's daughter; thus rendering the children of the second marriage feudally independent of those of the first, and furnishing a subject for contention between these families which could not fail to lead to their ruin.\* The regularity of the first marriage has been questioned, but its perfect legitimacy is now placed beyond question by the discovery of a dispensation permitting the marriage by the Pope, dated 1337, as the parties were within the prohibited degrees of consanguinity allowed by the Church. On this point Gregory, Skene, Smibert, and indeed all the best authorities are at one. And the first wife was divorced, from anything that can be ascertained, without any just reasons or any cause of complaint against her good and faithful conduct. Gregory considers it highly probable that a secret understanding was arrived at between the Steward and the Lord of the Isles before the latter divorced his first wife and married the daughter of the Steward, that at the death of King David the Steward would ascend the throne under the title of Robert II.; and certain it is, he says, that after that event the destination of the Lordship

\* *Highlanders of Scotland*, by W. F. Skene, pp. 64-70.

of the Isles was altered so as to cause it to descend to the grandchildren of the King. Aware that his rights to Garmoran and the North Isles was annulled by the divorce of his first wife, the Lord of the Isles, disregarding her claims, and trusting to the influence of the King, his father-in-law, procured a royal charter of the lands in question, in which her name was not even mentioned. Godfrey, the eldest son of the Lord of the Isles, by his first wife, resisted these unjust proceedings, maintaining his mother's prior claims, and his own as her heir; but Ranald, his younger brother, being more pliant, was rewarded by a grant of the North Isles, Garmoran, and many other lands to hold of John, Lord of the Isles, *and his heirs*.\*

When the Steward ascended the throne as King Robert II. of Scotland, one of his first Acts of Parliament was to confirm his "beloved son John of the Isles" in the possession of the greater portion of the Scottish heritage of the house of Somerled, except a portion of Argyle, Moidart, Arisaig, Morar, and Knoydart, on the mainland; and Uist, Barra, Rum, Egg, and Harris, in the Western Isles, were confirmed or assigned to him and his heirs by royal charter, dated at Scone, on the 9th March 1371-2. By the charter granted in his favour by David II. on the 12th June 1344, he, in addition to securing the lands already named, was made keeper of the "King's Castles of Kernoburgh, Iselborough, and Dunchonnal, with the lands and small Islands thereto belonging to be held by the said John, and his heirs, in fee and heritage." In 1354 he entered into an indenture with John of Lorn, Lord of Argyle, by which the latter gave up his ancient claims to these castles and lands, in favour of John of the Isles, as also his rights to the Islands of Mull, Jura, and Tiree. In the same year he was one of the four great barons of Scotland named as securities for the observance of the Treaty of Newcastle, and as the other three barons named were the Steward of Scotland, afterwards Robert II., the Lord of Douglas, and Thomas of Moray, it is clear that he was selected as one of the most powerful chiefs at the time in all Scotland. On 31st March 1356 Edward III. of England issued a commission to treat directly with the Island Chief, and in the treaty for the liberation of David II., entered into on the 3d October in the following year, by which also an "inviolable truce" for ten years between England and Scotland, was agreed upon, the Lord of the Isles was specially mentioned. In 1362 he obtained a confirmation of all donations and concessions by whosoever made to him, and of whatsoever lands, tenements, annual rents, and other possessions held by him.

The haughty temper of the Western chief is well illustrated by an anecdote preserved in Hugh Macdonald's MS.—"When John of the Isles was to be married, some of his followers and familiars advised him to behave courteously before the King, and to uncover himself as others did. He said (that) he did not well know how the King should be revered, for all the men he ever saw should reverence himself;" and, to get over the difficulty, the haughty lord "threw away his cap, saying he would wear none," and thus there would be no necessity to humiliate himself by taking it off before the King.

There is no doubt whatever that John, first Lord of the Isles, married

\* Western Highlands and Isles, pp. 30-31,

first, as his lawful wife, Amy, sole representative and heiress of the MacRuairi branch of the Siol Cuinn, and that among his descendants by this marriage, we must look for the representative of the elder branch, and therefore for the chiefs of the line of Somerled of the Isles, while it is equally true that the family of Sleat represent John, last Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles. The controversy which has taken place on this important question between the families of Glengarry and Moydart is well known to many of our readers, and we are fortunate enough to possess copies of it; but although the question arises chronologically here, we prefer to discuss the whole subject at a future stage in a special chapter. There is, however, no doubt that Donald, the eldest son of the second marriage, although not the chief of the family by right of blood, became the actual feudal superior of his brothers. On this point Gregory is emphatic, and says "Donald, the eldest son of the second marriage, became, on his father's death, second Lord of the Isles, and in that capacity was most undoubtedly, feudal superior and actual chief of his brothers, whether of the full or half blood." We shall therefore follow and treat the Lords of the Isles as the main, and, unquestionably, the most important line in this work.

By his marriage with Amy, heiress of the MacRuaries, "the good John of Isla" had issue—

1. *John*, who died before his father, leaving one son, Angus, who died without issue.

2. *Godfrey*, of Uist and Garmoran, of whom hereafter.

3. *Ranald*, or *Reginald*, progenitor of Glengarry, and of all the Macdonalds claiming to be Clan Ranalds. These shall afterwards be dealt with in their order.

4. *Mary*, said to have married, first, one of the Macleans of Duart, and, secondly, Maclean of Coll.

He married, secondly, Lady Margaret, daughter of Robert, High Steward of Scotland, afterwards King Robert II., and first of the Stewart dynasty. By this lady he had—

5. *Donald*, who succeeded as second Lord of the Isles.

6. *John Mor Tanister* of Islay and Kintyre, and of whom hereafter.

7. *Alexander*, Lord of Lochaber, known as "Alastair Carrach," progenitor of the family of Keppoch.

Gregory says that he died in 1380, while Skene has it that he died about 1386. His death took place at his Castle of Ardtornish in Morven, and he was buried in the sacred precincts of Iona, "with great splendour," by the ecclesiastics of the Isles, whose attachment he secured by liberal donations to the Church, and who evinced their gratitude by calling him "the good John of Isla," a designation handed down by tradition to modern times.

He was succeeded in all his possessions, and in the Lordship of the Isles, by his eldest son by the second marriage.

(To be Continued.)

## DERMOND.

A TALE OF KNIGHTLY DEEDS DONE IN OLD DAYS.

—Tennyson.

BOOK I.—“AMONG THE ISLES OF THE WESTERN SEA.”

### CHAPTER V.

What may this mean,  
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,  
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,  
So horribly to shake our disposition,  
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soul?

—Hamlet.

It is quite unnecessary to dwell on the way in which the night was passed at Dunkerlyne. The news of Dermond's escapade fell like a thunderclap among the assembled revellers, and silenced the mirth for a while. As soon as the messenger had gone, a stern vow of vengeance on the head of John of Lorn and his minion, Macnab, burst from the lips of the men-at-arms. Brian was greatly alarmed and confused at first, but reflection made him calm and decided. The reception of Cyril as his guest did not now disturb him so much; Dermond's captivity weighed too heavily on his mind. But it stung him into resolution. He knew he had a dual part to play, and hesitation might be ruin. The night was principally spent in sounding the men, all of whom appeared to be above suspicion, although the heart of a traitor beat in the breast of Cormac Doil. Brian held counsel with Jarloff as to what he should do on the morrow. To attempt a rescue or openly defy the power of John of Lorn would be madness, and might precipitate the fate of the youth. Submission and dissimulation were resolved upon, but meanwhile every effort was to be made to resume secret communication with Robert the Bruce, so that the power of the tyrant of Dunolly might be overwhelmed in the general rising of the country against the yoke of Edward. Confidences were exchanged between the pirate and his guest. Brian was informed of his relationship to Cyril. The story of the descent on Rathland was related, and the Chief of Dunkerlyne thanked God that he had not been too rash to revenge a deed for which Lorn was more to blame than the unfortunate Cyril.

With every semblance of fealty, Brian and a large body of his followers attended at Dunolly on the succeeding day.

The gathering was a formidable one, and night had almost set in before all the petty chieftains from the interior of the mainland and the most remote island fastnesses of the Western sea had gathered under the walls of the great stronghold of the Lorns.

In the principal hall of the castle the heads of the various clans were assembled, and John of Lorn made known his fell purpose.

“My gallant chieftains,” he said, as his eagle eye scanned the expectant faces of the war-girt Highlanders, “from your hearths and from the bosoms of your families have I called you to accompany me on an expedi-

tion of great and mighty import. Two days ago the violence of the wind and waves prevented our assembling in such force as we do now, but since one of your number at least—the brave and faithful Macnab—had the courage to set the storm at defiance, take not this as an evil omen attainting the justice of our cause or the success which shall attend thereunto. The delay, mayhap, hath rather been for good than otherwise. A courier from the English court hath arrived in the interval, bringing intelligence of the whereabouts and strength of the rebellious Bruce of Carrick. His sacrilegious deed in the Church of Dumfries now meets a just punishment. All the faithful sons of the Church have forsaken his standard, and the hand of an indignant God is lifted high to smite his cause. All of you must know of the insult perpetrated in contempt of the holiness of the Sanctuary and the dignity of our house. My gallant kinsman, the Red Comyn, rightful heir to the throne of Scotland, and joint regent under the power of Edward of England, after having been unfaithfully treated with, and divers forgeries and calumnies invented for his traduction in the eyes of his most gracious Majesty as a scheming traitor, hath been treacherously and vilely stabbed before the altar of God in the Church of Greyfriars. Since the perpetration of a deed so repulsive to the principles of faith and loyalty—so infamous in the eyes of the whole world, since the blood of royalty itself spattered the steps of the holy altar, the regicide hath presumptuously assumed the crown of Scotland, the ceremony being publicly performed by the Countess of Buchan in the precincts of the palace of Seone. But thanks to the noble Pembroke, he hath not long enjoyed his blood-bought honours. Driven from the woods of Methven as a pestilence defiling whithersoever his feet may tread, he hath with unprincipled audacity overrun the territory of Lorn, living royally on the produce thereof with fishing hook and hunting spear. Start not when I say that this reckless adventurer is now within a few days march of our seat of Dunolly. Desperate and mighty as he is, he can yet be crushed. Defeated as he is, he is still powerful, and all the efforts of our noble allies have been unable to oust him from his retreat. One who can so shamelessly violate all that is sacred in chivalry is neither open to the protection of God nor man. Think you, my gallant chieftains—the strength of our noble house—in justice to the blood which bears testimony on the altar we shall stand carelessly by and allow this flaming hell-fiend to take refuge in our woods and mountains. Let us exert the utmost of our power to crush the bloody and unholy usurper. For this cause therefore—the cause of Heaven, the cause of England, the cause of Lorn, yea, the cause of each and every son of the faithful—I have called you forth, and before another day dawns upon our indolence let us go and seek the rebellious regicide, and expel him from our territory.”

As soon as the bursts of applause, the shouts of assent and vows of vengeance had died down, he resumed—

“This is not all. The same courier bringeth intelligence of the total defeat of two galleys commanded by Cyril of Rathland, our sworn enemy, while attempting to land succours for the Bruce on the shores of Kintyre. Cyril escaped, but is supposed to have suffered wreck on these shores. The storm was the weapon with which the God of the faithful smote the helper of the heretic. Cyril, however, hath not yet perished. By the



foul treachery of some of our vassals he hath gained a refuge in these isles. (The eye of Lorn was sternly fixed on Brian the Viking as he spoke these words.) The vengeance of Heaven and the blood of Comyn also demand that instant search be made for the Lord of Rathland, and the shelterer of his unholy head shall be hung with Cyril's carcase by the heels from the highest tower of his castle."

"Death to the traitor!" shouted the chieftains.

Brian was silent and looked somewhat startled as every eye was directed against him.

"Ha! you start and look pale, good Brian of Dunkerlyne!" exclaimed Lorn with a malicious chuckle. "Why do you not shout 'Death to the traitor!' like the rest of my noble vassals?"

"Your pardon, my lord," said the Viking, recovering himself, "I feel abashed at your words. I am truly alarmed at what you say regarding some traitor. God knows I am innocent. Day and night I have not slept in trying to find the whereabouts of this bloody man, Cyril of Rathland. As yet my work has been in vain."

"Methinks, Sir Chief, you have cause enough to perform the mission surely and faithfully. The slayer of your gallant father, Francis, and the abettor of a sacrilegious regicide make a fit subject for your vengeance."

"They do, my lord," assented the chieftain, suppressing the passion which boiled within him.

"Revenge for the death of your noble father, the blessing of the Church, and the liberty of your son," exclaimed Lorn, "make a fitting reward."

Brian remained speechless.

"What," said Lorn, "you hesitate. Have I said too little for so small a deed. Would you have me give you money to bribe your courage? Or shall I add to the liberty of your jackanapes of a son the hand of a noble lady he covets?"

"Shame upon the mercenary knave," re-echoed through the chamber.

"To revenge the death of a father," said the swarthy Chief from Colonsay, "would methinks be guerdon enow for the death of a thousand men."

"The blessing of the Church," said the holy abbot of Iona, "ought, above all things, to spur you to revenge."

"Give me the task, my lord," said the fiery Macnab, "and even I will undertake to find and slay the accursed abettor of this murdering heretic."

"You misunderstand me on all hands," said Brian of Dunkerlyne, exasperated with the insults of Lorn, the goading of the Abbot, and the exclamations of the chieftains. "Hear me, good sirs, and you shall know what makes me shrink from answering as I should wish your unseemly taunts. If there be a sire among you with love or sympathy in his heart who knows what it is to have a son, he will not be so ready to fling such cowardly reproaches. I have a son, an only son, whom I love as I love my own life. My gallant Dermond lies writhing in chains far down beneath this floor in the depths of the dungeons of Dunolly. Grief for his fate unnerves me and makes me dumb. Set him at liberty. Let him accompany you in this expedition, and I shall return to the execution of my duty. Let Heaven and this assembly be my witnesses, while I swear

by this sword with its holy cross—while I swear by the sacred shrine of Columba—that another day shall not dawn before the death of my father is avenged, the Church satisfied, and the state assured. Rest so much faith in me my liege for this once. Set Dermond at liberty, take him with you to fight against the Bruce, and leave me to deal with Cyril of Rathland."

"Nobly spoken," burst from almost every lip as this speech was concluded.

"Go then, brave Brian of the sea-wave," said Lorn, "I believe you are worthy of the trust. Dermond shall go free. His offence, with the assent of Macnab, will no doubt be pardoned. The good Abbot will shrive him of his sin, and he will accompany me against the Bruce. But, remember, my suspicions have not been without ground—my charges have not been without cause. See that Cyril has not gained your confidence and hospitality already. Tremble at my words, and harken ye noble bulwarks of our house, while I threaten the wavering vassal. If the roof of your castle shelters Cyril of Rathland another night the life of your son shall answer for your treachery. Avenge me on this Irish chieftain, and the guerdon shall exceed your expectations."

Brian frowned at this speech, and thundered forth a denial of the charges it contained.

"I trust you do not belie yourself," said Lorn. "I may have been deceived by my informant. At least remember my words."

Bowing to Macdougall Brian retired in sore dismay from the presence of the chieftains.

Before starting for Dunkerlyne he had an interview with his son in his dungeon. The youth, who was ghastly pale with thought and confinement, clasped his father to his breast, and thanked Heaven that he had not perished in the storm. A gleam of fire lighted up his weary eye, and the colour returned to his cheek as he fondled in his parent's arms. The blood forsook his cheek again, however, when he had time to observe the cloud which rested on the Viking's brow. All was not well, and the offer of liberty did not bring that gladness to his heart which it ought to have done. The manner of his father was altogether suspicious, and he urged him to reveal what could oppress him so much.

"If you have done aught that is wrong or bound yourself to any unholy task for the sake of my liberty," said Dermond, "let me rather rot in this foul dungeon. I will not be free on any such terms."

"Nay, my good Dermond," said the Viking, "rest assured there is nought I have undertaken but what can be executed with honour. It merely troubles me to know that you start on your first errand of peril without the protection of a father's arm. Be wary, my son, in your dealings with the enemy. He is cunning and courageous. Be bold and fearless, but neither rash nor careless. Be always well on your defence, and use the tricks of the sword and battleaxe, which have made your fathers so illustrious on land and sea. The Sassenach is well armed with linked shirt and glittering cuirass, but watch the chinks and joints of his harness. Your sword was the sword of my father, Francis, in his youth. It is well tempered and handy. Your battle-axe was given to Jarloff by the great King Haco. Treasure it, for it is your strength. It is the trust of your life, and no Sassenach helmet can resist its clang. Above all things place

your hope in the Saints, for though I be not a very godly man, for the sake of your heavenly mother I adjure you to be faithful and chivalrous."

"Never fear, my father," said Dermond with assumed laughter, "I have strength and skill to hold my own against the strongest Sassenach. Meanwhile, farewell! When I return my shield shall be brighter with the deeds of the battle."

Brian kissed his son and parted. As he turned away he muttered something like a curse, and wiped a trickling tear from his cheek with his iron hand.

He returned to Dunkerlyne, and mixed deeply in the nightly revel. He drank much, and startled the men-at-arms with fits of what appeared to be madness. He had always been subject to these fits since the descent of Francis on the shores of Rathland, but that night there was something wild and savage about his speech and bearing such as no one had previously witnessed.

The hall was at length emptied of the men-at-arms. Brian lingered behind. He cursed those who came to offer him assistance to his bed-chamber, and sternly ordered all to go and sleep.

He sat gazing into the smouldering fire which cast a dim and lurid light over the bare walls and blackened rafters. The boisterous laugh and merry song of the retreating revellers jarred fearfully on his ear. His eyes were red and swollen, and his head, with its unkempt grey hairs, lay buried in his hands. He looked dazed and troubled, and when he spoke to himself or the visionary beings who floated round him, his voice was deep and unusually harsh.

Most of the other occupants of the keep were soon wrapt in a slumber such as succeeds to late hours and a boisterous revel.

No sound broke the stillness of the hall save the tread of the sentinels echoing from the platforms without, the roar of the waves dashing on the cliffs beneath, the rustle among the expiring embers, or the occasional restlessness of Brian himself.

At length he lifted his head, glared wildly into the fire, rested one arm on his knee, and thrust the other into his breast.

"I am a cruel and hardened man," he muttered to himself.

Again he buried his face in his hands, and then sat speechlessly watching the flickering flame in the deadening fire.

The crying of a little child, piercing the pitiless darkness of the night, made him start up and glance fearfully around.

He went to the window, and after looking some time towards Dunolly where the watchfires cast a ruddy glamour on the mountains and the sky, he returned to his seat with "Bloody, faithless villain!" hissing through his teeth. The life of his only son Dermond lay in the balance against the life of his uncle. There was some traitor at Dunkerlyne who had been revealing all regarding his reception of Cyril. How he yearned to tear the eyes and tongue from his treacherous head!

"Stain my hands with an old man's blood!" thought Brian in his agony. "Spatter the steps of God's altar forsooth! What if the blood of my guest should spatter the hearth of hospitality? Murder my uncle—shameless, treacherous Lorn. Heaven support me in this struggle. Holy mother of God be my guide and adviser. Ye burning satellites above, and all the sacred bones of St Columba's shrine, aid me in this the

hour of my need. I have been rash and ungodly in my life, let me not add this sin to the rest."

He wept and prayed in vain.

"Bah!" he exclaimed, "I have played the woman, but no more. I must revenge my father. Dermond must be made happy. A murrain on my fears."

He rose from his seat, clutched his dirk, and made to leave the hall. Something seemed to stand between him and the door, barring the way, and when he moved forward a strong hand seemed to clutch him by the throat and thrust him back.

"Avaunt, ye hell-fiends!" he attempted to shout, but his voice failed him and his dagger clung tenaciously to the sheath.

Hailing with a cold sweat and breathing abruptly, he drew back and sank helplessly on the bench by the fire.

For some time he sat in a state of quivering fear, and then mustering up courage and muttering something about "fancy," he rushed out.

Strange sounds re-echoed through the castle. An earthquake rumbled among the mountains and shook the sea, while the towers of Dunkerlyne rocked to and fro.

Brian returned pale as a ghost, and sank into his seat. He had been to the chamber high up on the northern side of the keep—the same chamber where the great Alexander II. of Scotland was smitten by the hand of death in his expedition for the subjection of the Lord of Argyle and the Isles in 1249. There Cyril and his son slept in each other's arms. A strange feeling came over him as he stood there with his dagger drawn ready to do murder. "Oh God!" he cried, "whence this terrible delusion?" He remembered the meeting on the hillside when the face of his uncle, who was then a stranger to him, so vividly recalled the features of his father, and then the youth so like his Dermond in the lineaments of every limb and feature. He could not stab. He turned away his eyes, and attempted to do so in vain.

"Hellish bewilderment!" he shouted fiercely on returning to the hall. "So like the image of my father! Something withheld my hand."

He thought of the circumstances under which his father had met his death. Cyril had slain his brother Francis while defending his own castle. The deed had been done in error and in the heat of combat. The night had been very dark, and Rathland had been attacked by John of Lorn. He thought of the tyrannies exercised by the great Macdougall; and meditating on the weakness of his castle of Dunkerlyne, when traitors lurked within its walls, he struck his brow and beat his feet on the floor with rage.

"Haughty, bloody miscreant!" he exclaimed, "your threats and orders I defy. Yes, my castle hath walls and gates of strength, and the traitors shall be thrown into the sea from the highest cliff in Kerrera. My Dermond, my gallant son, shall yet escape your villany. Now to my couch in peace, and to-morrow shall dawn upon a free and independent Chief of Dunkerlyne."

He rose to leave the hall, but dimly discernable in the pale moonlight that straggled through the bars of the iron casement the stately figure of his father stood.

Brian paused, and as he gazed tremulously, the blood in his veins ran

cold. He drew his hand across his eyes to remove the film that seemed to gather on them. But there his father stood with an unearthly glare lighting up his pallid features. The eyes gleamed with fire. The richly embossed armour shone with inherent brilliancy. One pale hand grasped the glittering mantle, while the other held aloft the battle-axe as of yore.

As Brian continued to gaze in dumb fear, the vision grew more vivid and alarming until it seemed to fade away in a sea of blood. With a feeling of sinking into the ruddy gulf he fell cold and senseless on the hard stone floor.

*(To be Continued.)*

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## ALLAN NAN CREACH.

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THE traveller through the Pass of Drumouchter to Newtonmore at the base of Craighdhu, the ancient gathering place of the Macphersons, would be apt to imagine that the district along which he is skirting is one of dreary wildness—of mountains, barren or only covered by heather—the sole homes of the deer and the grouse, and would scout as a ridiculous idea the possibility of finding level fields capable of being farmed as highly and affording as fertile returns as many districts in the Lowlands.

And yet it is so. Amid hills and mountains crowded, and as it were crowding together, climbing over each other to see and be seen of the world, to share the sweeping storm or bathe in the beaming sunshine—there are valleys as sweet and picturesque as they are unexpected. Stretching westward, twenty miles in length by about two in breadth, there is the Strath of the Spey. Flanking the valley, runs the Monadh-lia (gray mountains) range, extending from the confines of Lochaber nearly eighty miles towards Nairn, in some places three thousand feet high and thirty miles wide, and separating the vale of the Spey from the glen of the Findhorn—while the Ben Alder range, lofty and precipitous to the west, once the favourite haunt of red deer, before sheep invaded the territory, overhanging Loch Erieh, one of the wildest lakes in Scotland, divides it from Loch Laggan, one of the most beautiful.

To the traveller on approaching it the view is very pleasing; its bays so much indented look like a series of small lakes. The lands around it rise gradually from base to summit, are clothed on their skirts with natural wood, and abound in ravines and corries, which the fugitives from Culloden—Prince Charlie, Lochiel, Cluny Macpherson, and others, made their hiding homes, until they could leave the land of their love with the breaking hearts of exiles, for sunnier yet sadder climes.

Around Loch Laggan the scenery is most magnificent. The hills seem thrown into their present position by some mighty convulsion of nature,

and to the traveller, as he proceeds, present, as it were in a moving panorama, a series of grand yet indescribable views.

The whole district is interesting. In the foreground is Cluny Castle, the residence of the Chief of the Macphersons; Laggan Manse, once the home of Mrs Grant, the famous authoress; the neighbourhood of the Loch, once the favourite hunting grounds; and lastly, the burial places of the Kings Fergus. One of the islands bears the name of *Eilean an Rìgh* (King's Island); another, *Eilean nan Con* (Dogs' Island), while a height is called Ardverige or the ard or height of Fergus. At the east end of this Loch are the ruins of the Church of St Killen, round which hangs the following tradition:—

It is said that this Church was built by "Allan nan Creach" or Allan of the Spoils, a soubriquet given to one of the family of Cameron of Lochiel. The following anecdote has been gravely told, and gravely believed by the good people of Lochaber and Badenoch, as giving an account of the circumstances that led to the building of this and of six other churches. It is said that Allan was very active, and at first rather successful in levying contributions from his neighbours, and in driving off their cattle without ceremony, for his own special use. But the tide of plunder does not always run smooth, any more than that of love. Allan having met with some disasters in his predatory expeditions, was resolved upon having some communication with the inhabitants of the invisible world, in order to find out the cause. There was a celebrated witch in his neighbourhood, called Gorm Shuil or blue-eyed. She was such an adept in her profession that she could transform herself and others into hares and cows, raise hurricanes from any quarter of the compass she pleased, and perform other wonderful exploits, too tedious to mention. Under the direction of this and other similar advisers, Allan, to attain the project he had in view, took a living cat, and with his servant, went at night to a corn-kiln, near Torcastle in Strathlochy. The cat was put living on a spit; and the servant commenced the process of roasting it before a slow fire, while Allan stood at the entrance leading to the fire, with a drawn sword to keep off all intruders. The cat set up doleful lamentations, when a crowd of cats immediately gathered, as it were to its rescue; but they were kept at a respectable distance by the redoubtable Allan. Every cat as it came, exclaimed in Gaelic, "'S olc an carabh cait sin," "that is bad treatment of a cat." "It will not be better just now" was Allan's response; and every moment he would address the man at the fire, saying, "Whatever you may hear or see, keep turning the cat." At last a black cat with one eye came and calmly remonstrated with the guardian of the passage on his cruelty, and told him that his late reverses were a punishment for his wickedness in plundering his neighbours, and that in order to atone for his guilt, and obtain forgiveness for his sins, he must build seven churches—a church for every creach which he raised. The cat Cam Dubh (the one-eyed cat), added, that if Allan would persevere in his present amusement, until the cat with the long hanging ears, his brother (Cluasan leabhra mo bhrathair) should arrive, he would take such summary vengeance, that Allan would never see his Maker's face in mercy. This lecture having struck terror into Allan's soul, he released the cat at the fire, and did not wait the arrival of the dreadful cluasan leabhra, but retired immediately from the scene, and lost no time in commencing his



church building scheme, according to the directions of his monitor. He erected ere he died, the seven churches which are still pointed out, and it is said that the old church of Laggan was one of the seven.

In St Mungo's Island, at the entrance of Loch Leven, near Glenco in Argyleshire, there is a burial-place; and there we find another of Allan nan Creach's churches. The following story is reported, and firmly believed at this day in that part of the country:—About the middle of the last century a man was buried in the island. For several nights after, the dead man disturbed the whole neighbourhood in Glenco, calling in a most dolorous strain on a certain individual to come and relieve him. The man at last set off for the island in the dead hour of night, and having arrived at the grave, found the dead man with his head and neck fairly above the ground. "What is your business with me," says the Glenco man, "and why are you disturbing the neighbourhood with your untimely lamentations after this fashion?" "I have not," says the dead man, "rest night or day since I lay here, nor shall I, as long as this head is on my body. I shall give you the reason. In my younger days I swore most solemnly that I would marry a certain woman, and that I never would forsake her as long as this head remained on my body. At this time I had a hold of a button, and the moment we parted, I separated the head of the button from the neck, thinking that then all was right. I now find my mistake. You must, therefore, cut off my head." The other, fetching a stroke, cut off the head close to the surface of the ground, and then the dead man dragged the rest of the body back to the grave, leaving the head to shift for itself. This story is as firmly believed in Glenco this day, by some people, as any truth of Holy Writ.

TORQUIL.

#### RETIREMENT OF PROVOST ALEXANDER SIMPSON.—

Apart altogether from Municipal politics, a change in the Chief Magistracy of the Highland Capital must possess more or less interest for Highlanders wherever located; and especially so in the case of one who, like Provost Simpson, has devoted about a quarter of a century to public affairs. During his reign, schemes of great importance to Inverness have been completed, such as the introduction of Water from Lochashtie, the purchase by the Town of the Old Gas and Water Company's business and plant, and the building of a New Town Hall; and while a considerable difference of opinion exists as to the manner in which these schemes were carried out, there is none as to the honesty of purpose of the chief actor, and the ultimate amelioration and benefit of the town. Provost Simpson had his failings, but they generally leant to virtue's side. He tried to please all, and of course failed, like others who attempted the impossible. His knowledge of town affairs was unequalled by any member of the Town Council, and he was noted for his discharge of the public duties pertaining to the office on all occasions where his presence as chief magistrate was considered of advantage to any good cause. He especially encouraged all matters Celtic, and invariably attended officially all the public meetings of the Gaelic Society, of which he is a chieftain. He carries with him into private life the best wishes of all who know him.

THE EARLY SCENES OF FLORA MACDONALD'S LIFE,  
 WITH SEVERAL INCIDENTAL ALLUSIONS TO THE  
 REMARKABLE ADVENTURES AND ESCAPES OF THE UNFORTUNATE  
 PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART.

By the Rev. ALEX. MACGREGOR, M.A., Inverness.

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 PART III.

FLORA was, in every respect, a very interesting girl. She became a particular favourite with all the respectable families in the Island, such as Clanranold and his lady, his brother Boisdale, and family—her own relatives at Baileshear, and many others. Lady Clanranold acted towards her more like a mother than a distant relative. She was seldom left at home with her brother at Milton, but paid long visits to her respected friends around, and these visits were welcomed by all. When Flora was about thirteen years of age, Lady Clanranold insisted on her remaining continuously at her residence at Ormiclade, that she might get the benefit of instruction from a governess who had been provided by Clanranold for his own children. Such was the kindness of the family at Ormiclade to her, that she could not express her gratitude. For about three years Flora's home was in the hospitable mansion of Clanranold, with the exception of short trips occasionally to Skye, to visit her mother at Armadale. She by far excelled in her lessons the daughters of the family, and although Clanranold and lady had too much sense not to appreciate her expertness and aptitude, for the acquisition of useful instruction, yet the daughters became to some degree jealous of poor Flora, and hinted that the governess was more attentive to her than she was to themselves. There was, in short, every appearance, that in their hearts, the youngsters at Ormiclade cherished a certain degree of envy or jealousy towards their unoffending protégé. Flora was by far too clear-sighted not to see all this, and likewise too prudent not to be able to effect a remedy. She endured everything patiently for about half-a-year, as in reality the youngsters only had taken private offence at her success, while the parents very probably had never heard nor thought any thing about it. She had given intimation in her own pleasing and grateful way, to Lady Clanranold, that by such or such a time, she would require to visit her mother, and spend some time with her, as she had, again and again, heard it alleged that she was an unnatural daughter, and a very undutiful one, who had deserted her only parent, and lost all sense of her filial duties. "Eh! me, Flora dear," said Lady Clanranold, "what will become of 'ceòlag,' if you go off and leave us, and what will become of us all? If you do go, you must return soon, and bear that in mind." The "ceòlag" to which the lady here alludes, was the name given in the family to a spinet, or small piano at Ormiclade, on which Flora became an astonishing performer. She acquired a knowledge of the notes from the governess, but her own correct ear for music, was the real source of her success. She could play not only the reels, and the dance music of the day with no ordinary efficiency, but likewise the ancient "piobair-eachds," in which she gave due prominence to all the pogiaturas, and

grace-notes of the quick variations. In the same manner, even at this youthful age, she could sing Gaelic songs exceedingly well, and repeat lengthy strains of ancient poetry in that language. All these she committed to memory from the rehearsals of the bards and seanachies that existed then in the Isles.

In the year 1739 Lady Clanranold had a communication from the Honourable Lady Margaret Macdonald (wife of Sir Alexander Macdonald of the Isles, residing at Monkstadt, in Skye), expressing a wish to have a visit from Flora, whom her ladyship had not seen for two years. She wished this visit to take place for a certain praiseworthy purpose, which she stated to Lady Clanranold, and which was to the effect, that she and her husband, Sir Alexander, were desirous that Flora should be well educated, and that they had certain plans in view for this purpose, which they hoped to be able soon to execute.

Flora appeared to be much gratified at this act of attention paid to her by Sir Alexander's lady, although as yet she was entirely ignorant of the special purposes, which her ladyship had in view in regard to her. She had been frequently at Monkstadt before, where she met with as much kindness from her noble chief and his lady, as should she have been their own child. She had formed the idea that her presence was thus wanted in Skye, in order perhaps to place her under the tuition of some notable teacher who may have come to the place. It may be remarked that in Skye at that period, all kinds of useful education flourished in respectable families beyond most other quarters of the Highlands. The cause was simply this:—Public schools were few in number, but the gentlemen farmers procured for themselves a remedy for this inconvenience. They resorted to a very successful expedient for counteracting the existing deficiency in the means of education. It so happened that a century or a century and a half ago, farmers of the middle class, or such as rented lands to an extent that enabled them to be ranked as gentlemen, were very numerous in Skye, though now, alas! the very reverse. These snug, comfortable, moderately-rented tenements of land, have been since then conjoined into extensive deer forests or into large sheep walks. The consequence is, that now one sheep farmer occupies a tract of pasture, which in past ages afforded means of support to twenty, thirty, or fifty respectable, and well-to-do middle-class tenants. These tenants being prudent, sagacious men, in order to educate their families, clubbed together to engage a common tutor, perhaps a well recommended student of Divinity, or some learned young gentleman from the south country, and sometimes even from England. By this arrangement every group of contiguously situated families had their central schoolroom, nicely fitted up, their qualified teacher, and their children thus efficiently educated in the common, and even in the higher branches of useful knowledge. Hence the vast number, within the last century and a-half, from that Island, who had distinguished themselves so greatly in the civil and military services of their Sovereign and country. No other territory perhaps of the extent of Skye, in the whole kingdom or elsewhere, can boast of even the one-half of distinguished men, in all the departments of the public service, as Skye can do.\*

\* A good many years ago, a correct and elaborate computation was made on competent authority, that during the wars with America and France, from the middle of the past to the beginning of the present century, the Isle of Skye furnished the following

In more than one of these excellent schools Flora received the solid ground-work of her educational requirements. In short, owing to this, and to the excellent training of which she had the benefit under the hospitable roof of Lady Clanranold, her mind was, at a comparatively early age, well stored with rudimental knowledge, as well as deeply imbued with a veneration for the system of clanship, and with loyalty to the exiled house of Stuart.

According to the request of Lady Margaret, preparations were being made for Flora's departure to Skye, by the first favourable opportunity that offered itself, of a safe passage across the Minsh.\* It happened at this very time that a sort of pirate ship frequented the creeks and bays of the Long Island, by means of which many persons of both sexes were cajoled on board, made prisoners, and thereby were refused their liberty.

At this wicked and unexpected proceeding, the natives of the Lews, Harris, Uist, Benbecula, and Skye, became exceedingly alarmed, and it created much anxiety and confusion among all ranks and classes of the natives. The authorities in these quarters resorted to every measure within their power to counteract such base and unlooked-for cruelty. Unfortunately, however, the leader of this kidnapping party managed to set sail for the Southern States of America, with a ship-load of his own country-people of all ages, with the intended purpose of selling them as slaves. While the united efforts of all the authorities in these quarters, lay and clerical, seemed to be of no avail to check it, the overruling Providence of the Almighty immediately intervened to put a speedy termination to this cruel and unchristian procedure. Soon after the pirate ship had sailed from the shores of the Long Island with its mournful cargo of innocent natives, a terrific gale sprung up, which dashed the unhallowed ship into a rocky creek on the coast of Ireland, where it was totally wrecked, and splintered into fragments. It is, however, marvellous, that all the prisoners escaped, without the loss of a single life; and through the kindness of Irish philanthropists they were humanely cared for, and eventually conveyed to their native Isles. It was soon afterwards discovered that the chief leader in this diabolical plot was a young man, Norman Macleod, son of Donald Macleod, tacksman of the Island of Berneray. The stern-hearted youth escaped the punishment which his dastardly deeds so richly merited, by crossing "incognito" to Ireland, where he concealed himself for about two years. He subsequently joined himself to the Government forces, and was soon raised to the rank of Captain. In the course of some years he became a changed, and much respected gentleman, succeeded his father at Berneray, and died there at nearly a hundred years of age. Along with all others, Lady Margaret Macdonald deeply shared in the general alarm created by this wicked piratical plot. Her ladyship did so the more, no doubt, from a private report that got into circulation, that her husband, Sir Alexander, had

remarkable list of men for the service of their Sovereign and country, viz.:—10,000 foot soldiers, 500 pipers, 600 commissioned officers, under the rank of Colonel, 48 Lieut.-Colonels, 21 Lieutenant-Generals and Major-Generals, four Governors of British Colonies, one Governor-General, one Adjutant-General, one Chief Baron of England, and one Judge of the Supreme Court of Scotland. Besides this a great number filled offices in the University, in the Church, and in legal departments.

\* The "Minsh" is the name of the channel which intervenes between the Long Island and Skye, which is from 20 to 30 miles in breadth, and is frequently very rough and stormy.

some secret hand in this cruel undertaking, in order to get the people away, and to banish them from his extensive estates. Knowing well Sir Alexander's innocence in this painful matter, her ladyship became quite indignant, and greatly disturbed in her peace of mind. In her husband's absence, she addressed a long letter, dated 1st January 1740, to Lord Justice Clerk Milton, in which she gave a long and minute detail of the whole affair. She assured his Lordship that Sir Alexander "was both angry and deeply concerned to hear that some of his own people were taken away in this manner, but could not at the time learn who were the actors in this wicked scrape until the ship was gone." Her ladyship's letter was long and interesting, and may be seen in the Culloden papers.

When the fact of the existence of this piratical vessel was noised abroad, sloops and craft of all descriptions were sent by the authorities in Skye to the Long Island, but they were too late to seize the expected prize. Being in the dead of winter, the weather was boisterous and wild, and the different craft had to lie at anchor in the lochs and bays of the Island. It was, however, arranged that in one of these vessels Flora was to be accommodated with a passage across the Minsh to Skye, to the hospitable residence of Lady Margaret at Monkstadt. One evening she set sail in the largest of these vessels, and the night being stormy the vessel was driven into Loch Snizort and anchored about sunrise at the "Cran-nag," near the mansion-house of Kingsburgh. Flora was glad to be put ashore, but finding that the Kingsburgh family were absent at Flodigarry, she walked a few miles to the house of Peinduin, the residence of Captain Norman Macleod, the very house wherein, after an eventful life, she died about fifty years thereafter. Next day she made the best of her way to the residence of Sir Alexander Macdonald at Monkstadt, distant about fourteen miles. She was warmly received by Lady Margaret, with whom she remained for about eight months on that visit, with the exception of a stay of a few weeks with her mother at Armadale.

Lady Margaret felt a deep interest in Flora's welfare, being much pleased with her prudence, general conduct, and amiable disposition. She fully revealed her plans to the young lady, and explained to her that she and Sir Alexander had arranged to pass the winter in Edinburgh, and that they had resolved that she should accompany them and finish her education in the metropolis. Flora gratefully acknowledged her ladyship's friendship, and modestly signified her willingness to comply. She then visited her mother, to reveal to her the kind intentions of Lady Margaret, and to obtain her consent, which the old lady readily granted. She bade farewell to her mother, returned to Monkstadt, and matters being settled for the removal to Edinburgh, she seized the first opportunity of crossing the channel to Ormichlade, and to her brother at Milton.

It was proposed by Lady Margaret that Flora should visit the metropolis during the autumn of that season, but circumstances occurred to prevent it. Lady Clanranold became an invalid at the time, and so did her brother Angus, at Milton, apparently in both cases from a neglected cold. Such being the case, Flora's kind, generous heart would not permit her to leave her dear friends in a state of inconvalescence; and there was a remarkable providence in her remaining, as the sloop by which she proposed to sail to Glasgow, on her passage to Edinburgh, was wrecked on the Mull of Cantyre, and not a single life was saved.

Fortunately, in course of some time, the invalids recovered of their ailments, and Flora resided at Ormichlade and Milton during that winter and spring. Early in the following summer (1740) she embraced an opportunity of visiting her friends in Skye. In all quarters of that Island she was welcomed by every family of respectability she met with, and more particularly so by those at the houses of Scorribreck, Kingsburgh, Cuiderach, and Monkstadt. Arrangements were made anew for her departure to Edinburgh during the ensuing months of September or October, according to the state of the weather, as by that time Lady Margaret and Sir Alexander expected to reach the metropolis themselves. About the beginning of August, Flora bade farewell to her friends in Skye, and revisited her native Isle, which, of all localities, was the most dear to her Highland heart. Towards the end of September she took her passage from Uist to Glasgow in a small schooner belonging to the place, which was laden with cured cod and ling for the southern markets. The captain's name was Roderick Macdonald, but he was usually called, "Ruairidh Muideartach," being a native of Moidart, on the mainland. Rory was a very jolly, middle-aged tar, who materially diminished the tediousness of the passage by his singing of Gaelic songs, in which he could not easily be excelled. In this respect he met with a very congenial spirit in his only cabin passenger, Flora being one who greatly admired the Celtic muse of her skipper. At length after an ordinary passage the schooner arrived safely at what is now called the Broomielaw of Glasgow. Two days thereafter Flora found her way by some public conveyance to Edinburgh. On her arrival at that city, where she was an entire stranger, she resorted with as little delay as possible to a boarding-school provided for her through the kind services of Lady Margaret. This female seminary, which was attended by about half-a-dozen of other young ladies, was taught by a Miss Henderson, in the Old Stamp-Office Close, High Street, and was near the town residence of the Earl of Eglinton. The Countess of Eglinton and daughters usually resided there during the winter months, and Flora had been only a few days in her new seminary when some of these noble ladies did her the honour of visiting her at Miss Henderson's. Flora was agreeably surprised, but soon came to understand that they had done so by the instructions of Lady Margaret, who had not then arrived in town herself from Skye. The Eglinton ladies were as much noted for their affability and kindness as they were celebrated for their personal beauty and charms. All the daughters were exceedingly handsome, and no doubt they had inherited these qualities from their mother, the Countess Susan Kennedy, who is said to have been one of the handsomest women of her day. It is recorded in the "Traditions of Edinburgh," that "Countess Susan's daughters were all equally remarkable with herself for a good mien; and the 'Eglintonne air' was a common phrase at the time. It was a goodly sight a century ago to see the long procession of sedans, containing Lady Eglintonne and her daughters, devolve from the Close, and proceed to the Assembly Rooms in the West Bow, when there was usually a considerable crowd of plebeian admirers congregated to behold their lofty and graceful figures step from the chairs on the pavement. It could not fail to be a remarkable sight—eight beautiful women, conspicuous for their stature and carriage, all dressed in the splendid, though formal fashion of that period, and inspired at once with dignity of birth, and consciousness of beauty."



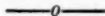
During Flora's stay in Edinburgh, which lasted over three years continuously, she had the good fortune to be introduced to many families of high rank and distinction, such as Bishop Forbes of Leith, the Mackenzies of Delvin, and many others. The friendship that subsisted between the Delvin family and herself lasted during her lifetime. It must be stated to Flora's credit and great good sense, that notwithstanding the elevated rank of many parties into whose society and residence she had often been invited, and from whom she received much hospitality and attention, yet she invariably conducted herself with such a degree of unassuming modesty as no doubt added materially to her appreciation in the eyes of others. Both in prosperity and in adversity she ever retained the same equable temperament of mind—the same gentle, submissive deportment, and the same calm spirit of resignation and contentment. Whatever might have fallen to her lot, and many distressing things did, yet her frame of mind remained constantly unruffled and unchanged. While possessed of a keen, lively, sensitive nature, yet she was largely gifted with the power of exercising a complete control over her feelings, and of appearing on all occasions cheerful, pleasant, and entertaining.

Flora attended closely to her education in the seminary or boarding-school wherein she was placed during the first two seasons of her stay in the metropolis. She considerably excelled her fellow pupils in the comparatively few branches of education in which instruction was communicated to females at that remote period. In the musical department a sort of small harp was the instrument which was generally made use of for inculcating a knowledge of that interesting science. Flora, however, preferred to cultivate her taste in that respect by practising on a spinet, or small pianoforte, at which she was out of sight the most proficient in the seminary. From the correctness of her ear she had acquired a facility in the use of this instrument, her own favourite "ceòlag" at Ormiclade, which enabled her to play, as already stated, a great variety of Highland airs and "piobaireachds," with a degree of gracefulness and ease that delighted all around her. She was likewise gifted with a sweet, mellow voice, which rendered her capable of singing Gaelic songs exceedingly well, and much to the gratification and amusement of the company present. In consequence of this she was frequently asked the favour of singing those songs in the drawing-rooms of the noble and great, where no one present understood a single vocable of the stanzas so sweetly sung.

After having passed nearly three seasons with the ladies in the Old Stamp-Office Close, under whose charge she was at first settled, she resided chiefly in the house of Lady Margaret and Sir Alexander, where her ladyship treated her as a member of the family, and showed her as much maternal kindness as should she have been her own daughter. She became so thoroughly domesticated and useful to her ladyship that she pressed upon her to prolong her stay in Edinburgh for more than a year after she had intended to return to her mother, and to her friends in the Long Island. Sir Alexander had not been at that time in very robust health; and, by the advice of his medical attendants, he remained for about two years continuously in Edinburgh without returning to his residence in Skye. On two occasions Flora accompanied Lady Margaret to Eglinton Castle, where weeks were pleasantly spent under the noble roof of the ancient domicile wherein her ladyship first saw the light of day.

*(To be Continued.)*

## PROFESSOR RHY'S WELSH PHILOLOGY.\*



ALL lovers of the science of language must rejoice at the present incipient cultivation of Celtic studies. Scottish students especially will welcome the growing interest now taken in philology which has been altogether neglected in our country. With the exception of the brilliant Professor of Greek in Edinburgh, to whom the Celtic world is so much indebted, the teachers of languages in Scottish Universities scarcely ever touched on the subject. We are therefore glad to observe that this state of matters is disappearing; and that an earnest living interest is manifested in connection with philological studies.

The interest taken at present in Celtic studies is not a transient one. It is the outcome of patient study and labours of many eminent scholars who during the last half century turned their attention to the science of language. Their efforts have ultimately resulted in assigning their proper position in the philological world to the Celtic languages. Till the beginning of this century, and indeed by many long after, the dialects of the Gael in the west were spoken of as belonging to the Shemitic family of tongues. But it is only the incurably unscientific that contend for any such theory at the present day.

Before proceeding to indicate the contents of the excellent volume before us, it may be interesting to mention the names of those who have contributed to Celtic philology. Dr Pritchard's *Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations*, applying the philological principles of Bopp and Grimm to the Celtic languages to determine their philological position, marks an era in the history of these tongues. Pritchard endeavoured to prove that its true affinities were with Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, and Gothic, and not with the Shemitic languages. Lhywd and Jones, earlier, had glimmerings of such possible affinities. Pritchard's work appeared in 1832. In 1837 another Frenchman, Adolphe Pictet, published his *De l'Affinité des Langues Celtiques avec le Sanskrit*. After these two French works we have those of two Germans on the Celtic languages. In 1839 Bopp published at Berlin his *Die Celtischen Sprachen*. In 1839-40 Diefenbach published at Stuttgart his *Celtica*. But the great classic of Celtic philology appeared in 1853—the *Grammatica Celtica* of J. Kaspar Zeuss. After thirteen earnest conscientious years of labour, this Bavarian, who had some Celtic blood in his veins, gave the world his work in a Latin dress—since in German—a work which constitutes a monument to his memory more enduring than brass. Celtic studies have been continued in Germany since by Drs Kuhn, Schleicher, Gorres, Holtzman, &c. The works of Dr Ebel of Berlin, and those of Ebrard of Earlangen have received much attention in this country. What Ebrard has published on Ossian would have greater philological value had he a better text as the basis of his work. As it is, we cannot help wondering at receiving such an admirable contribution to Celtic studies from a foreigner so distinguished also in theology, while so many at home, whose mother-tongue is

\* Lectures on Welsh Philology. By Professor Rhys. Second edition. Trubner, London.

Gaelic, and from whom we would naturally expect something, are unable to speak even intelligently about their native language. Recently in Germany and France, by Edwards, Pictet, &c., the study of the Celtic tongues has been carried on by regular publications. The *Celtic Review*, published in Paris, is well known in this country. Italy has also taken up the study; from the *Chevalier Di Nigra* we have very interesting works—"The Turin Glosses," and "The Milan Glosses." Working with these continental writers, a learned Irishman, Dr Whitley Stokes, has made contributions of great value to Celtic philology. Most Celtic students know his "Irish Glosses" and his "Goidilica." Men of culture and scholarship in Britain could not ignore this revival of Celtic learning. Since then we have had in our own country Professors Blackie, Arnold, Geddes, Morley, and Principal Shairp influencing and quickening learned and historic thought in a Celtic direction, and breaking down the bulwark of much unreasonable prejudice. Canon Bourke of Ireland, and now more recently Professor Rhys at Oxford, have also helped to invest Celtic studies with scientific interest. The movement for the establishment of a Celtic Chair in Edinburgh has heightened the importance of such studies at home. It is now an accomplished fact, mainly under the stirring influence of the golden tongue of Professor Blackie, who has so grandly succeeded in bringing down showers of gold from the cold heights of Saxon divinities. Looking begets liking; and our whole nation looking at and hearing the Professor of Greek, in his own learned, popular, and naturally winning ways, advocating the cause of the Celt and his language, is beginning to regard both in a more kindly and scientific manner. Men now learn to see how much the Hindoo, the Englishman, and the Celt have in common in the matter of language. It is seen and recognised that English and Celtic have many family resemblances, that many words of a radical character existing in the one have their cognates in the other. It is now discovered that by a philological law of letter-change, words beginning in Gaelic with *c* begin in English with *h*, and the kinship between the two races is instantly recognised. Now the Celt and the Saxon embrace each other in the bonds of linguistic friendship, forgetting their earlier philological and racial differences and feuds. This law has opened up a field of fresh and interesting knowledge. By it we ascertain that the Gaelic *ceann*, *cen*, *ken*, has its English cognate in *head*; *cridhe*, earlier *crìde*, its cognate in *heart*; *crodh*, *cattle*, its cognate in *herd*; *cruaidh*, its cognate in *hard*; *cruit*, its cognate in *harp*; *cìod*, its cognate in *what* (= *huat*); *có*, its cognate in *who* (= *hoo*), &c. All this has resulted in a renaissance of Celtic sentiment on every side except in conservative quarters which seem to be absolutely impervious to the quickening influence of fresh thought and feeling. It is now felt and believed that several millions of people still speak the tongue of the Celt; and that the Celtic languages deserve attention as the living speech of many. Scholars now believe that the study of these languages is not altogether so contemptible; and that the spirit of the Celt has vitalized, enlivened, and enriched the mighty stream of English letters.

Professor Rhys's book is, perhaps, the only work that we have as yet in this country taking up Celtic philology, pure and simple. We in the Highlands rejoiced at his appointment as Celtic professor at Oxford; but we rejoice more at the instant fruit of his Celtic studies, with which we

are now favoured in his highly attractive "Lectures on Welsh Philology." The volume is dedicated to Max Muller and Whitley Stokes, and no names could be mentioned more deserving of esteem on the part of the Celtic student of languages. These lectures were first delivered at the College at Aberystwyth in 1874. Since then they have been substantially repeated by the author as Professor of Celtic at Oxford. This is the second edition, quickly following the first, with a valuable appendix. When the Gaelic student is furnished with the contents of each lecture—there are seven altogether with the appendix—he will instantly recognise the importance of the work. The conclusions of the writer in general may be taken as applying to other Celtic dialects as well as to the Welsh, and it is this that makes his book so valuable to all Gaelic students of the science of language.

The first lecture takes up introductorily the science of language: Grimm's law of the interchange of mutes in the Indo-Germanic tongues, and the *Classification of the Celtic Languages*. The second lecture deals with the *Welsh Consonants*; the third with the *Welsh Vowels*. In the fourth lecture we have a most interesting historical sketch of the Welsh language, and in the fifth of the Welsh alphabet. In the sixth lecture we have *Ogams and Ogmie Inscriptions* treated of; and in the seventh and last an attempt to reconstruct the history of the Ogmie alphabet. It would be well that our Gaelic savants would take to heart, before we proceed to remark in detail on these lectures, the instructive paragraphs with which Professor Rhys closes his second lecture:—

"Now that we have fairly come to the end of our task—at least in outline—as regards the consonants, than which we have no reason to suspect the vowels of being less interesting, though it be that the laws they obey are more subtle, we may be allowed to indulge in a few remarks of a more general nature. Enough has probably been said to convince you that, in spite of our having preserved to the last the fag-ends of the subject, Welsh phonology is far from devoid of interest. The regularity which pervades it leaves but little to be desired, and it falls, comparatively speaking, not so very far short of the requirements of an exact science." In this respect what is true of Welsh is just equally true of Gaelic or Erse-Gaelic. Notwithstanding the complaints of *soi-disant* Gaelic scholars, that we have no standard of Gaelic scholarship, which they have not grammatically taken up, the phonology of Gaelic does not indeed fall far short "of the requirements of an exact science." Much needed lessons the Welsh Professor suggests and inculcates. "But some there are, however, who have no patience with a discussion which turns on consonants and vowels, and nothing short of etymologies bearing directly on ethnological questions or the origin of language can hope to meet with their approval. This need not surprise any one, for few people, as a rule, feel interested in the details of a scientific inquiry, and duly realise the fact, that what they regard as food only fit for the shrunken mind of a specialist must necessarily precede those gushing results they thirst after." The complaint underlying Professor Rhys's remarks, we are all familiar with in Scotland. Some cultivated men like Dr Charles Mackay, &c., have rushed to the study of Gaelic, finding that in the Celtic Chair in Edinburgh it might pay; some nearer home, and having pretensions to knowledge of their native tongue, declaim against the variableness of its

orthography, &c. But the true student of Gaelic knows the value of their complaints. The further remarks of Professor Rhys deserve quotation:—"In the case before us we are only too familiar with the worthlessness of the fruits of a method which ignores the phonological laws of the language with which it pretends to deal, or fails to do justice to their historical import; and it is by his *attitude with respect to these laws* that one can generally tell a dilettante from a *bona fide* student of the Celtic languages. The former you hardly need to be told, never discerns a difficulty, for to him a letter more or less makes no difference, as his notion of euphony is so Protean as to be equal to any emergency; but the latter frequently stumbles or goes astray, and has to retrace his steps; and altogether his progress can be but slow; so much so, in fact, that some of our leading glottologists of our day think it, on the whole, impossible to attain to the same state of knowledge respecting the history and etymology of Celtic words as that arrived at in the case of the other Aryan tongues. That it is harder is certain, but that it impossible I am inclined to doubt." It consoles us in Scotland to find our Welsh cousins in troubles similar to our own. But so far "progress is being made" in Scotland as in Wales. The all-pervading influence of Professor Blackie, of Skene's *Celtic Scotland*, &c., of Dr Maclauchlan's many works, and of the Rev. A. Cameron's most scientific teaching in Glasgow, are signs of real progress in the right direction. "Nor is there anything which may be regarded as an indication that we have nearly come to the end of our tether. For example, one of the tasks—and only one out of several—which the student of an Aryan language proposes to himself is to discover, as far as that is practicable, the origin of every word in its vocabulary, and to show to what group of vocables it belongs, or in other words, from what it is derived and how." We regret that in connection with the Celtic tongues this work has been carried on with most reprehensible extravagance in some quarters, especially in the sphere of topography, to this very day; but we hope that henceforth Professor Rhys's lectures and the labours of others throughout the British Isles will help to diminish the number of Celtic vocables whose origin is obscure, notwithstanding the special difficulties in the way. There are good signs of the times, not only in the German Kuhn's *Beitraege* and in the French Gaidoz's *Revue Celtique*, but also at home among the Irish and the Welsh; in Scotland in the *Celtic Magazine*, and in the newly-proposed quarterly by Mr Cameron, the *Scottish Celtic Review*. In these publications, as Professor Rhys neatly remarks in regard to the foreign ones, "stubborn words of our vernacular are forced, one after another, to surrender the secrets of their pedigree." Nothing could be more admirable than the following general remarks. The conclusion of the last two sentences of the paragraph to be quoted suggest a much needed lesson. "But whence, it will be asked, does this greater difficulty attending the study of the Celtic languages, and of the Welsh in particular, proceed? Mainly from two causes—the great dearth of specimens of them in their earlier stages, and the large scale on which phonetic decay has taken place in them. For, to pass by the former for the present, it is to be remembered that the phonetic changes which have been engaging our attention are but the footprints of phonetic decay, and that the phonological laws which have just been dis-

cussed form but a map of its encroachments, and a plan, as it were, of its line of attack. With these before our eyes, we are, to a certain extent, enabled to infer and picture to ourselves the positions, so to say, and the array in which the forces of our language were at one time drawn up." Perhaps some of our Celtic scholars who undertake the solution of all topographical names by means of Celtic dialects—from Lewis to Japan—will benefit by the following sentences:—"So when you hear it said, as you frequently may, that Welsh or Irish [or Gaelic] is the key to I know not how many other languages, do not believe a word of it: the reverse would be nearer the truth. We want concentrated upon the Celtic languages all the light that can possibly be derived from the other Aryan tongues, that is if we are to continue to decipher their weather-worn history."

Professor Rhys has spoken a needed word to Celtomaniacs. For that he is to be thanked, as well as, apart from the intrinsic value of his lectures, for his following a strictly scientific method. Celts have never shown too much devotion to method or system except in one particular sphere. In some quarters we have had the most rigidly scientific systematic theology—a severity of method at which many stout though elastic spirits have quailed. Emotion is a predominating element in the Celtic nature—is the source of much of the lyrical productiveness of the Celt; and is probably an explanation of his dislike to intricate scientific research. The German, on the other hand, is nearly all bound up in an iron method which occasionally chokes to death the warmer currents of the soul. Professor Rhys is scientific; and higher praise can scarcely be accorded to the productions of a Celtic writer. He has given us nearly all ascertained philologic truth bearing on the Celtic languages, although he only calls his book "Welsh Philology." The philological student of these languages can not do without his lectures, which, as coming from a Celtic Professor at Oxford, as well as on account of their permanent value, mark an era in the history of Celtic tongues.

#### THE HIGHLAND CLEARANCES AND THE HIGHLAND CROFTER

—Mr Alexander Mackenzie, editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, has just completed a series of sixteen letters, as Canadian "Special Commissioner," in the *Aberdeen Daily Free Press*, on "The Highlanders of Canada." In an appreciative "leader," on the completion of the series, the editor says truly, "that Mr Mackenzie went to Canada perfectly free and unfettered by any official engagement, and with no other instructions than to seek his information at the best available sources, and to use his own powers of shrewd observation freely and independently." He is pleased to add: "That he has acted out his programme intelligently and impartially, and with an amount of momentum, vigour, and *bonhomie* that do credit to the character of the Northern Celt, has been amply testified by the press of Canada, and must be well known to those of our readers who have followed the strain of his communications." The letters above referred to will shortly be followed by another series from the same pen, on "The Highlanders at Home," specially devoted to the Highland clearances in their relation to the crofter and present state of the Highlands. Those of our friends desiring to peruse them, and who do not wish to take the paper daily, may get the series in which the letters appear by ordering them direct from the *Free Press Office*, Aberdeen.



## Correspondence.

### THE QUIGRICH, OR PASTORAL STAFF OF ST FILLAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Reading the very interesting article on the Quigrich, or Pastoral Staff of St Fillan, by the Rev. Allan Sinclair, which appeared in the *Celtic Magazine* for November, it occurred to me that I had somewhere read a different account of the relic to that given by Mr Sinclair. In an old book entitled "A Companion and Useful Guide to the Beauties of Scotland and the Hebrides," by the Hon. Mrs Murray Aust, 3d edition, vol. ii, pp. 115-119, is the following:—

As we were baiting our horses at the small inn of Suie at the foot of Benmore, a curiosity of considerable antiquity was presented to us. It is a crook, which is believed to have been at the head of St Fillan's staff. It is hollow, large, heavy, and of wrought silver. It had been gilt, but the gilding is mostly worn off. At the smallest end of the crook is a red stone set in the silver; it is in colour like a ruby, on which is engraven the head of the saint.

It is said that a man named Doire was in the service of the holy bishop (probably his crozier bearer), and that this wonder-working relic had been carefully preserved from father to son in the Doire family, from the time of Saint Fillan to this day; and that it has been a continual source of emolument to them, which, probably, they were in danger of losing when they had the royal grant of their sole right to this relic registered in Edinburgh.

The following is a literal copy of that transaction, extracted from the register by a gentleman who favoured me with it.

"At Edinburgh the 1st day of November 1734 years. In presence of the Lords of Council and Session compared, Mr John Lookup Advocate as Procurator, for Malice Doire after designed, and gave in the letter of gift under written, desiring the same to be registered in their Lordship's books as a probative writt: which desire the said Lords found reasonable, and therefore they ordain the same to be done according to act of Parliament made anent the registration of probative writts in all points, whereof the tenor follows. James be the grace of God King of Scottis, to all and sundri our liegits and subditis ap'riale and temporale to q'has knowlage this our l'res sal cum greting: for as mikle as we have understood that our Servitoure Malice Doire and his Forebearis has had an relic of Saint Filane callit the quegrich in keeping, of us and of our progenetouris of maist nobill mynde, quham God assoles, sen the time of King Robert the Bruys and of before, and made nane obedience nor ansure to na person ap'riale nor temprale in ony thing concerning the said holy relic, uthirways than is q'teint in the said infetment thereof made and grantit be our said progenetouris. We charge yow herefore strately and commandis that in tyme to cum ye and ilk one of yow redily ansure, intend and obey to the said Malice Doire in the pecciable broiking and joising of the said relic, and that ye nane of yow tak upon hand to compell nor destrinze him to mak obedience nor ansure to yow nor till ony uthir, bot alleasly to us and our successouris, according to the said infetment and foundation of the said relic, and sick like, as was us and went in the tyme of our said progenetouris, of maist nobill mynde of before, and that ye mak him nane impediment letting nor distroublance in the passing with the said relic throw the contris as he and his Forebearis was wount to do, and that ye and ilk one of yow in our name and autorite kepe him unthralit, bot to remane in sick like freedom and liberte of the said relic as is q'teint in the said infetment under all the heist pain and charge ye and ilk one of yow may committ and inrin, anent us in that part. Given under our p've sele at Edinburgh the xi. day of July. The yere of God jmiij c Lxxxvij yeres, and of our regne the xxvij yeres.

"Sic subscribitur,

"JAMES K.

"L'ra pro Malice Doire in Strath Filane. XI July MCCCCLXXXVII. XXVII yeres of the Kings renne."

The above relic is said to cure cattle of every disease by sprinkling them with water in which it has been immersed. The inhabitants at Suie Fuelan, the seat of Saint Fillan, believe that he used to preach on a hillock at that place.

When I was at Suie in 1802, I inquired for Doire's relic, and found the owner of it had removed it with himself to a village called New Nineveh in Strath Ire. Nineveh is a singular name for a Highland village, but it seems the drunkenness and irregularity of its inhabitants have procured it this name. Mr Doire, who keeps the inn at Suie, (which is now a tolerably good one,) favoured me with an anecdote of his uncle's relic, which I had not heard before.

When king Robert Bruce was going to the battle of Bannock Burn, he sent a message to Doire to carry the relic thither. Doire was apprehensive the king might retain the relic when in his power; he therefore left it at home, and carried only the box in which it was usually kept. This box, on the morning of the battle, was, by the order of Robert Bruce, placed in the midst of the army, and the sacrament was administered around it. In the middle of the service, the lid of the box opened of itself, and presented the relic to view, and then instantly re-closed, to the astonishment of the whole army, but still more to the amazement of Doire, who knew he had left the relic behind him.

This description was written about 1800, at which time there was no bronze crook inside the silver one, as described by Mr Sinclair, for, it will be seen, that it is distinctly stated to have been "hollow." The remains of gilding visible in 1800 may very possibly have been totally obliterated by time and frequent rubbings, so as to present the appearance of bright silver it now bears, but there is a marked difference in the two accounts as to the stone at the end of the crook. According to Mrs Murray Aust there was at the smallest end of the crook "a red stone set in the silver," "in colour like a ruby, on which is engraved the head of the saint." Mr Sinclair makes no mention of this engraved stone, but says, "The front of the crook is ornamented by a large oval-shaped cairngorm, terminating in a plate, which bears an engraved representation of the crucifixion." Is it possible that the original stone has been lost or removed and another substituted? Again, Mr Sinclair says that from the time of the Reformation, "we have no subsequent notice of it, till incidentally discovered by a tourist," in 1782, evidently unaware of the fact of the Registration at Edinburgh in 1734, 48 years earlier than the date he named. In giving an account of the miraculous occurrence at the Battle of Bannockburn Mr Sinclair quotes Bæce, who says that the wonder-working relic was an *arm* of St Fillan, but according to the Dewar tradition, as related to Mrs Murray Aust, by one of the family, it was the Quirich itself, which was so mysteriously conveyed from one place to another, and this version appears the most probable, for Mr Sinclair says, the fact of its being present at Bannockburn was "a well authenticated tradition in the Dewar family."—Yours, &c.,

M. A. ROSE.

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SHERIFF NICOLSON'S EDITION OF MACKINTOSH'S GAELIC PROVERBS are at last in the press. We have no doubt that when the book appears it will still further enhance the already distinguished reputation of the learned Sheriff in the Celtic world of letters, and fully justify the labour and time which, for so many years, he must have expended upon it.

*Montrécal sur le Moine. Présenté  
L'Union & Historical Society Québec  
sur vol 6 p. 195*

THE EDITOR IN CANADA.

IV.

HAVING arrived at Point Levi, opposite Quebec, on the 17th of October, I crossed the river St Lawrence next day, and visited the famous fortifications of this ancient and remarkable city. On the night of my arrival at Point Levi one of the Atlantic liners arrived with about 500 passengers, several of whom took up their quarters at my hotel. Among them I recognised an old Invernessian, who was accompanied by four south-country Scots; and we decided upon visiting Quebec together, and upon going the length of the Heights of Abraham, where the immortal Wolfe fell in the moment of victory over the French, who, the same day, surrendered Quebec to the British army. We examined the spot on which the famous commander fell, mortally wounded, and on which a neat, unpretentious monument is erected to commemorate the fact. As he there lay his eyes closed, it was thought, in death, some one cried out "They fly." He instantly opened his eyes and asked, "Who are flying?" and on being told that it was the enemy, he said, "Then I die happy," and immediately expired. In this memorable engagement Fraser's Highlanders took a prominent and distinguished part, losing in killed, Captain Thomas Ross of Culrossie; Lieutenants Roderick MacNeill of Barra and Alexander Macdonald of Barrisdale; one sergeant, and fourteen rank and file; while among the wounded were Captain John Macdonald of Lochgarry, and Captain Simon Fraser of Inverallochy: Lieutenants Macdonell of Kepoch, Archibald Campbell, Alexander Campbell, John Douglas, Alexander Fraser; Ensigns James Mackenzie, Malcolm Fraser, Alexander Gregorson; 7 sergeants, and 131 rank and file. It is well known that the Highlanders distinguished themselves as usual on this occasion when, according to the "General account," Brigadier Murray briskly advanced with those under his command, among whom were our countrymen, and soon broke the centre of the enemy, "when the Highlanders, taking to their broadswords, fell in among them with irresistible impetuosity, and drove them back with great slaughter." The Highlanders had other opportunities of distinguishing themselves here. In another engagement they lost in killed Captain Donald Macdonald of Clanranald, Lieutenant Cosmo Gordon, and 55 non-commissioned officers and men, while among the wounded were Colonel Fraser, Captains John Campbell of Dunoon, Alexander Fraser, Alexander Macleod, and Charles Macdonell; Lieutenants Archibald Campbell of Glenlyon, Charles Stewart, who fought at Culloden under Stewart of Appin; Hector Macdonald, John Macbean, Alexander Fraser, senior, Simon Fraser, senior, Archibald MacAlister, Alexander Fraser, John Chisholm, Simon Fraser, junior, Malcolm Fraser, and Donald Macneil; Ensigns Henry Munro, Robert Menzies, Duncan Cameron of Fassiefern, William Robertson, Alexander Gregorson, and Malcolm Fraser, in addition to 129 non-commissioned officers and men, representing amongst them most of the families of note in the Scottish Highlands, as well as many of those in humbler circumstances who followed the

gentlemen of their respective clans, as of yore, to fight the battles of their country. My interest in Quebec and its surroundings was intense; but it centred more in the history of the dead and the associations of the past than in those of the living and the present. The surrounding scenery is magnificent—by far the finest in Canada. Having spent three days about the place, on Monday evening I left by the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada for

#### MONTREAL,

having crossed over the famous Victoria Bridge which spans the St Lawrence a short distance before you enter the city, 172 miles from Quebec. I have already given a full description of this famous structure in the *Aberdeen Daily Free Press*, which, as well as many other details given in my series of sixteen long letters to that paper, on "The Highlanders of Canada," I do not intend to reproduce in these pages. Those letters were devoted more to a general description of the country, and its advantages as a field for emigration, while the series in the *Celtic Magazine* are confined almost entirely to the more Celtic parts of the Dominion, and personal instances of Highland success. This must be held to account for their incomplete and fragmentary nature.

Montreal has a population of between 130,000 and 140,000, about five-eighths of whom are French, and three-fourths Roman Catholics. It contains some very fine churches, and other public buildings, and is, in short, the finest city in the Dominion. The Scotch here are at the head of the commercial and political world, and though the Highlanders are not numerous, there are a few amongst them distinguished for philanthropy, integrity, and wealth. The Mackays of Montreal are known all over the world. The family originally belonged to Kildonan, in the county of Sutherland, which they left in humble circumstances. Joseph, one of the sons, who has since become famous in the commercial world as a millionaire and philanthropist, commenced life quite poor. He worked his way steadily onwards and upwards. In 1837, when the French Canadian rebellion broke out, we find him doing a prosperous retail ready-made clothing and tailoring business. A large quantity of clothing was required that year for the militia, and the Mackays (for Edward had ere this become a partner) were successful in getting a large contract, which turned out well. By this they made enough money to enable them to go into the wholesale trade. The business steadily increased, and in a few years they added the woollen or, as it is called in Canada, the dry goods business. They soon acquired a name for integrity and for the excellent quality of their goods; trade increased day by day in the woollen department of the business, and the firm rose steadily in the estimation of the public. Ultimately the ready-made department was given up, that the firm might be able to devote their undivided attention to the more profitable part of their rapidly increasing business. In a comparatively few years, they amassed a large fortune, and four or five years ago Joseph and Edward retired in favour of three nephews, who, for many years previously, practically managed the business, and who now conduct the largest dry goods, or wholesale woollen business in Canada. Joseph and Edward are both unmarried, and live together in a noble mansion, presided over by an amiable niece from the Scottish High-

lands. I had the pleasure of partaking of their hospitality, after which Edward drove me round the suburbs, and to Mount Royal, overlooking the city, from which I obtained a most magnificent view of it and of the country for hundreds of miles in all directions. Edward is one of the directors of the Bank of Montreal; and he has occupied many other important positions of trust in the city. Joseph built, two years ago, the Mackay Institution for Protestant Deaf Mutes at a cost of over 15,000 dollars, and then presented it absolutely to the Association for teaching the deaf and dumb. The building will accommodate about 100 inmates, and the pupils are taught printing and other useful trades, in addition to reading, writing, and arithmetic. This is only a specimen of his munificence, for he has given largely to other causes, both religious and charitable. Another brother is a partner in an old and most respectable wholesale dry goods firm—Gordon, Mackay, & Co.—in Toronto, who are also cotton manufacturers, possessing extensive mills at Merriton, on the Welland Canal. Mackay Brothers, when they retired, were reputed worth over two million dollars.

The firm of James G. Mackenzie is the oldest dry goods house in the Dominion, having been established more than forty years ago. Mackenzie arrived in Canada with nothing but perseverance and steady habits for his capital. He has long since reached the summit of the commercial ladder. The firm is now reputed to be worth from one and a-half to two million dollars—the wealthiest in Canada since the retirement of Joseph and Edward Mackay. One of his sons represented the Electoral Division of Montreal West in the Dominion House of Commons. Two of them were Captains in the 5th Royal Scots Fusiliers, the crack volunteer corps of Montreal, indeed of Canada, and served with their regiment on active service during the Fenian raids of 1866 and 1870. Another wholesale dry goods man, who retired from business about two years ago with a fortune of about 200,000 dollars, deserves notice. James Roy was a native of Dunfermline, and he landed in Canada with a pack of fine linen on his back. He continued to perambulate in and about Montreal for a few years; afterwards went into the retail dry goods business, and rapidly rose to be one of the leading merchants of the city. Ultimately he went into the wholesale trade, and, although his business never approached the magnitude of the firms already named, it was prosperous and lucrative; and Mr Roy was considered one of the most upright and straightforward business men in the city. Another self-made Scot is Andrew Robertson, of the firm of Robertson, Linton, & Co., who was for several years President of the Dominion Board of Trade, and occupied many other most important and influential positions. James Johnston came to Montreal about forty years ago without a penny. About five years after he founded the firm of James Johnston & Co., now reputed worth over a million. He commenced as a clerk, and, saving a few hundred dollars, began business on his own account in a very small way, but gradually and surely established a reputation for the very best goods, at paying prices—a reputation which he has carried through his whole business career; and to-day the firm of James Johnston & Co. stands unrivalled in the Dominion for high class goods, for choice and varied assortment, and for the systematic conduct of their business. Mr Johnston owns the fine cut stone warehouse in which he conducts his business, as well as his princely residence

on Mount Royal, which perhaps equals in magnificence that of the great Joseph Mackay himself. Mr Johnston also became famous in connection with the celebrated Pew Case—*Johnston v. Gavin Lang* and the Trustees of St Andrew's Church. In the other trades, especially in the grocery business, quite as many successful self-made men can be found. Among other prosperous Highlanders whom I had the pleasure of meeting in this city was John Macdonald, a most enterprising and rising accountant, and a native of Tain, Ross-shire. He belongs to the aristocracy of intellect, and I was proud to hear a native of my own county so highly spoken of among the *elite* of Montreal. Ewen Maclennan, whose father went out from Kintail, spoke Gaelic purer than some of his West-Coast relations of the present day. He takes a leading part among the patriotic Scots of the city, and has long ago occupied all the posts of honour which the St Andrew's Society could confer upon him—a Society which does more real good than any other on the American continent; but having already described at length its operations and that of the St Andrew's Home in the *Free Press*, I must here pass it over. Among other genuine Highlanders and most useful citizens whom I had the pleasure of meeting were Alexander MacGibbon, a native of Perthshire; Alexander Mackenzie, merchant, a native of Beaulieu; and Alex. Murray, bookseller, a Perthshire Celt. Last, but not least, I had a most pleasant chat with D. Macmaster, a young but distinguished and rising barrister, and a member of the local Parliament for his native county of Glengarry, who a week afterwards paid me the compliment of travelling fifty-four miles to Lancaster to hear my lecture on "Flora Macdonald and Prince Charles."

The last night I was in the city I had the great gratification of attending in the drill hall of the 5th Royal Scots Fusiliers, already referred to, where I have seen them put through the usual exercises by Colonel Crawford, their commandant. This crack regiment is composed entirely of Scotsmen and Scottish Canadians, who wear the undress Highland uniform—Campbell tartan trews and plaid, with scarlet scalloped tunic, and Glengarry bonnet. No. 1 company has among its members 40 men who had served with the 78th Highlanders under Sir Henry Havelock at Lucknow and Cawnpore; and whose manly breasts are well decorated with medals and clasps for distinguished service; while No. 6 company is composed entirely of old 42d or "Black Watch" veterans. The others are largely made up of men who fought for their Queen in some part or other of the great and glorious Empire of which the Canadian is so proud to form a part. The pipers were the kilt, one of them being Duncan Macneil, an old pupil of Pipe-Major Alexander Maclennan, Inverness; the other, whose name I forget, an old veteran of the 78th, and for many years a companion of Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie, late of the Buffs, but now of the Highland Rifle Militia. Another 78th man—Sergeant-Major Fraser, and who holds the same position, while he is at the same time Sergeant-Instructor, in the Scots Fusiliers—I found to be a native of Castle Street, Inverness. The period of service of these men expired when their respective regiments were last in Montreal, and they settled down in the place, where almost all of them are doing remarkably well. This fine regiment recently held a meeting for the purpose of considering the desirability of procuring kilts in time for a proposed visit to Toronto and Niagara in the spring; and from the spirit shown there is little



doubt that they will decide upon completing their Highland costume in time to enable them to visit their friends in Ontario, and parade its capital in the "Garb of old Gaul." I could have spent several more days in Montreal with profit and pleasure, but time was on the wing, and I had yet barely entered Canada proper. The celebrated Highland settlement of Glengarry, fifty-four miles further west, on the Grand Trunk Railway, was to be my next place of call. I was informed by Mr Macmaster, M.P., that his colleague Mr Maclellan, M.P. for Glengarry in the Dominion Parliament, was in the city, and would be going on that evening to Glengarry. I was fortunate enough to meet and to secure an introduction to him on the platform before the train started. At first I found him somewhat reserved, but he soon melted down; when I found his father was a native of Kintail; and I afterwards learned that the son was very wealthy and highly respected throughout the county, irrespective of party politics. We had a most agreeable chat during the greater part of the journey, and he gave me the names of several of the most prominent Highlanders in the county, in addition to those whose names I already had. In a few hours I found myself in Lancaster, a thriving village on the eastern border of

## THE COUNTY OF GLENGARRY,

and I at once made for the principal hotel, kept, as I was informed in Montreal, by an excellent Gaelic-speaking Highlander, and a Macrae, whose father, in 1806, emigrated from Kintail. I saluted my host in my native Gaelic, to which he responded in pure Kintail vernacular; for one of the peculiarities you meet with throughout the whole Dominion, is to find the children and even the grandchildren of the original settlers speaking the dialect of their respective districts in Scotland; so that you meet with half-a-dozen or more different dialects in the same village or township. Any one acquainted with the various districts in the Scottish Highlands can therefore almost at once tell what part of the country the ancestors of the parties he is addressing originally came from. I was at once made quite at home, after my host had insisted upon carrying out the good old practice of his Scottish ancestors, by reminding me "gur luaithe deoch na sgiala," and at once, suiting the action to the word, offering me a "druthag" out of his private bottle. That evening and next morning I was introduced to scores of fine Highlanders in the village, Macphersons, whose ancestors came from Badenoch, predominating; one of them being no less than a grand-nephew of the famous "Black Officer" of black art and Gaick celebrity. Here I had a visit from a Mr Allan Grant, whose grandfather was Donald Grant of Craiky, Glenmeriston, and one of those heroes of the "Forty-five" who sheltered Prince Charles Edward in the cave of Corombian, when wandering about, life in hand, after the Battle of Culloden, before he succeeded in effecting his escape to the Outer Hebrides. He emigrated to the States, and was one of the patriotic band known as the United Empire Loyalists, who would not remain in the States after they were lost to the British crown, and who went to various parts of Canada where they received grants of land from the British Government. Donald Grant, with several others, went to Glengarry, where 1000 acres were allotted to him, 200 of which fell into the possession of my visitor—his grandson, Allan Grant.

It is commonly reported that Donald could spin a good yarn, one of which, in connection with the pilgrimage of the U.E. Loyalists from the States to Canada, will bear telling. On one occasion the Catholic Bishop was in Donald's neighbourhood, and knowing that he was rather fond of relating the hardships endured by the Loyalists on their way to Glengarry, under his leadership, the good Bishop called upon him and introduced the subject. Donald was proud of his exploits, and the great success which had attended himself and his devoted followers; and he always related the hardships and hairbreadth escapes which they experienced with unfeigned pleasure. As he advanced in years they seemed to have grown upon him, until at last they appeared to others almost bordering on the miraculous. When he had finished the description of the journey through the trackless forest in glowing colours, the Bishop in blank amazement, said—"Why, dear me, Donald, your exploits seem almost to have equalled even those of Moses himself when leading the children of Israel through the Wilderness from Egypt to the Land of Promise." "Moses," exclaimed the Highlander, adding two emphatic short words, to which the ears of his reverence were not much accustomed; "Why," said Grant, with an unmistakable air of contempt, "Moses took forty years in his vain attempts to lead his men over a much shorter distance, and through a mere trifling wilderness in comparison with mine, and he never did reach his destination. I brought my people here without the loss of a single man." The answer made by the Bishop is not recorded; but he afterwards used to tell the story with evident gusto, and to the great amusement of his hearers.

Having arranged for a lecture here and at Alexandria, I went on to Ottawa, where I spent a few days. On my return, my host kindly offered to drive me himself through the county, and to introduce me to the leading Highlanders. On Wednesday, the 29th of October, we started for Alexandria, 14 miles inland, behind a splendid pair of horses, calling upon some genuine Celts on our way. A few miles out we passed a very fine farm of 400 acres owned, occupied, and capitally farmed by Donald MacLennan, whose father emigrated from Kintail without a cent. Shortly after this we called on Christopher Macrae, Glenroy, who has a fine farm and keeps the district shop or store. We were hospitably entertained by his better-half, and I had a most interesting chat with his father, a fine old gentleman, 93 years of age, who left Glenelchaig in Kintail in 1821. The venerable sire, I had been told, was full of old lore and Highland tradition; but my time was too limited to enable me to get him into the proper groove, which I very much regret. Another of his sons, Duncan, owns the fine farm of Glen-Nevis, the whole family being exceedingly comfortable and well-to-do. Another worthy specimen of the good old stock of Kintail Macraes, and with whom I had the pleasure of travelling from Lancaster to Kingston, was D. A. Macrae, a fine young fellow, whose father left Morvich, Kintail, about 50 years ago, and who now owns a fine farm of 400 acres, nearly the whole of which is cultivated. By the time we left Glenroy, it was getting dark, and we drove right on to Alexandria, where we took up our quarters at the St Lawrence Hotel, a comfortable hostelry kept by another Gaelic-speaking Highlander, Angus Macdonell. Having seen several of the leading citizens of Alexandria next morning, I started for a drive some twenty miles into the back settlements of

the county, where I had the pleasure of meeting some genuine old Celts. Among them I would notice Norman Macleod, Laggan, a native of Glenelg; and Captain Mackenzie, a fine old veteran 93 years of age. I found Mackenzie to be a native of Contin, Ross-shire; but brought up in Lochbroom. He subsequently became a soldier, and was in the British army when Napoleon I. was a prisoner in Elba, a period of his life of which my venerable namesake was so full that I could hardly induce him to talk about anything else. He was the second who turned a sod in the back part of Glengarry county, to which he found his way by pure accident, having lost his way in the forest for three days and nights trying to find his way to a place more than a hundred miles in the opposite direction. When he left this country he was so poor that he could not pay for his passage across; but the Captain of a sailing ship in Greenock gave him credit until he was afterwards able to pay him. He is now in affluent circumstances, possessing an excellent farm of his own, and has been able to start several sons in farms of their own equally good. After a most pleasant drive to Lochiel and the surrounding country, I returned to Alexandria, where I delivered my lecture to an appreciative audience of as genuine a type of Highlanders as ever drew breath.

In the morning before starting for Lochiel, a deputation waited upon me to know if I had any engagements in the evening, after my lecture; and, answering in the negative, I was told that they would be glad then to spend an hour with me. What was my surprise to find a really good piper, and a Macdonald, at the door of the hall ready to play us to the hotel immediately after my lecture, and there to find supper laid for about forty-five gentlemen who were good enough to entertain me thus as the guest of the Highlanders of Alexandria. The chair was taken by Mr Angus Macdonald, a fine Highlander and a prominent official in the place, supported by John Macdougald, whose grandfather left the Island of Eigg, in 1788, for Sydney, Nova Scotia, and in 1793 went to Glengarry and settled there. His mother I found was one of the United Empire Loyalists already referred to, descended from the Camerons of Fassiefern. Mr Macdougald possesses his grandfather's original property in Glengarry. Donald Macmillan, M.D., who presided at the lecture, was croupier at the supper, and added much to our entertainment by his singing in fine voice and spirit some excellent Gaelic songs. Among the company was also the grandson, A. B. Macdonald, of the first white man born in Glengarry. His great-grandfather emigrated from Morar without means of any kind, but having been in the army he had free land allotted to him and he died worth property valued at £2000. The great-grandson became partner, and is now the successor, in the extensive and lucrative business long carried on by the Hon. Donald Macdonald, the present Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario; and is rapidly amassing a fortune. Among others present were Colin D. Chisholm, clerk to the District Court—a cousin of our own Colin Chisholm, and almost as enthusiastic and as well informed a Celt as the ex-President of the Gaelic Society of London himself; Dr Alexander R. Macdonell, and several other warm-hearted fellows whose names I did not manage to carry along with me. There were, however, two Southern Scots present, who had settled down among the Highlanders of Alexandria, and who appeared to be in spirit as genuine Celts as the rest, viz, Charles H. Cannon, M.A., and Edward H. Tiffany, both bar-

risters practising in the county. The oratorical ability displayed was really marvellous in such an out-of-the-way place as Alexandria, containing only about 1000 inhabitants, and such as would put many who would-be-considered-orators in more pretentious places at home to shame. I gave expression here for the first time to my views and feelings respecting the manner in which successive governments of Canada discouraged and otherwise treated Highland immigrants, while they had acted in a manner entirely different to the Russian Memnonites and Icelanders; and the enthusiastic sympathy displayed by my fellow countrymen of Alexandria at once convinced me that the Highlander of Canada only wants to have this dereliction on the part of the Government pointed out to him to have the present system of giving his countrymen the cold shoulder condemned and reversed. It was proposed and seconded, there and then, that those present should form themselves into a Society for educating public opinion on the point, and I learned after I left that they met on the following evening and formed themselves into the nucleus of a Caledonian Society. My driver, who knew all present, informed me that the company amongst them represented accumulated property worth about a quarter of a million sterling. I parted with them next morning with very genuine regret, and not without hope of again seeing them in the hospitable capital of Glengarry county.

I learned that John Murdoch of the *Highlander* had passed through the village that morning in the mail-gig, while I was away in the district of Lochiel, and that he had gone on, some miles, to visit Mr Cattnach, an old Badenoch Celt, who lived at Laggan, so called by him in commemoration of his native place in the old country. I was naturally anxious to see the *Ard-Albannach*, and made my driver go several miles out of his way to overtake him at Laggan or meet him on his way back; and meet him we did, Mr Cattnach driving him back to Alexandria. I requested my driver to go into Cattnach's machine, while *Fear-an-fheilidh* came in with me. I then turned round my team in the direction in which the *Highlander* was going, and thus had about half-an-hour of him. I had about 30 miles to go in another direction, and, as he was going direct to Lancaster, where I was engaged to lecture that evening, we agreed to meet there and compare notes, after such a long absence from home and from each other, and to talk over our new and varied experiences. After a long drive through the county to the west, and making several calls on the way, I arrived in the afternoon at Williamston, a village only 4 miles from Lancaster, where we obtained refreshments for man and beast at the hostelry of another good Hie'lanman—John J. Macdonald, Glencoe House, who, like most of my friends, had succeeded in feathering his nest pretty well. Having made a few other calls, Mr Macrae soon rattled into Lancaster. The *Ard-Albannach* arrived a few minutes after us. In the evening, I delivered my promised lecture, for which I was by no means in good form; but the *Highlander* and D. Macmaster, M.P. for the County, who came all the way from Montreal to meet me, addressed the audience, and thus enabled me to drop easy. My old travelling companion, Mr Maclellennan, M.P. for Glengarry in the Dominion Parliament, came several miles to preside at our meeting; and my only regret in connection with my visit to this Highland settlement is my inability to call upon him at his own house, agreeably to his repeated requests that I should do so. The

same evening and next morning I met a few more fine specimens of the good old stock, among them A. S. Macdonald, from the West Coast of Inverness-shire, proprietor of the Commercial Hotel; Duncan Macarthur, merchant, Alexandria, whom I missed when there; A. B. Maclellan of Glen-Gordon, originally from Kintail; and no end of Macphersons, whose forbears came from Badenoch, all in excellent circumstances.

Glengarry has produced another fine Gaelic-speaking family—the Sansfield Macdonalds—who rose from the ranks to the very highest positions in the Dominion. One of them lived close to Lancaster; but I was unfortunate enough to miss him. Another died Premier a few years ago; while a third is the Hon. Donald Macdonald, the present Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, one of the most popular, genial, and warm-hearted Highlanders in the whole Dominion. Their ancestors came originally from Knoydart, in the county of Inverness; and their father commenced life in very humble circumstances, and became a farmer at Sansfield's Corner, Glengarry, from which place the family took the addition to their original and simple name of Macdonald, to distinguish them from the legion of the same name in Canada—many of whom are in high positions like themselves.

The farms throughout this Highland county is laid out in 150 acre lots, and the people are very comfortable throughout. Not only in politics but in most other walks of life it has turned out many who have distinguished themselves in other parts of Canada. A mistaken idea has got abroad, no doubt in consequence of the name, that most of the people came originally from Glengarry in the Old Country; but this is not the case, the great majority of them being from Lochaber, Morar, Moidart, Knoydart, Glenelg, Kintail, and Badenoch. I could say a great deal more which would redound to their credit, but I must at present pass on, and introduce you, in my next, to some of the Highlanders of Ottawa, Kingston, and Toronto.

A. M.

## Genealogical Notes and Queries.

### CAITHNESS CAMPBELLS.

I am much obliged to "Leckmelm" for his kind communication. There is some mistake, however, about the family of William Campbell, Sheriff-Clerk of Caithness, about 1690, as he was not a native of the county. I found out within the last few days that John Campbell, Commissary of Caithness, was not William's brother, nor a son of Donald Campbell, merchant in Thurso. On the 1st of March 1692 the office of Commissary of Caithness was conferred on Mr John Campbell, "sone to ye laird of Barbreck." Will "Leckmelm" kindly allow me to communicate with him privately on this subject?

MAG.

### QUERIES.

WOULD any of your correspondents, learned in the history of the Highlands, be kind enough to answer the following queries:—

1. Are the Macraes a clan, and, if so, who is their chief?
2. What are their arms, crest, and badge?
3. Have they a tartan of their own, and, if so, what are its colours?

Colona, South Australia.

GARRHAG AN T' SLAMHUR.

## GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS—ANNUAL DINNER.

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THIS month we give eight pages additional, in small type, to enable us to place a report of the proceedings at the eighth annual dinner of the Gaelic Society before our readers—especially those abroad, now so greatly increased, and who are not likely to see the local newspapers. The meeting was one of the most enjoyable of all the successful meetings hitherto held by the Society; and for this great credit is due to the excellent secretary, Mr William Mackenzie, of the Aberdeen *Free Press*, whose arrangements were complete, and all that could be desired. The Chief also helped to make all pleased with themselves, and the Society will not fail to appreciate the trouble he has taken in coming all the way from Skye to perform his duties as Chief—not only on this occasion, but also to the annual assembly in July of last year. He was supported right and left by Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart., Captain MacRa Chisholm of Glassburn, Captain Scobie, The Rev. Mr Bisset, &c. The attendance was large and influential. William Jolly, Esq., H.M.I.S., and Alexander Ross, Esq., F.S.A.S., architect, acted as croupiers.

After giving the loyal toasts—that of “Her Majesty” having been proposed in a neat, correctly delivered Gaelic speech—the CHIEF proposed the “Army, Navy, and Volunteers,” and referring to the Afghan war, said, amid loud cheers, that “in that war our brave Highlanders were at the front as usual, doing their duty and maintaining the prestige of the British army.”

Captain CHISHOLM responded, concluding a neat speech—We, of the Gaelic Society, may heartily rejoice that the gallant Highland regiments continue to uphold their ancient renown for courage and heroic bravery, in all the recent wars of the Empire—in Africa and Asia—and the martial strains of the war-pipe are always sounding there to encourage our brother Highlanders in the din of battle. A great deal might be said regarding our present military organisation, but, unfortunately, I am no speaker, and much prefer the attitude of listener, particularly when I see around me so many orators of renown. You will therefore, I am sure, easily pardon me if I “cease firing” and come to a “halt.” (Great applause.)

Captain SCOBIE, for the Militia, said that the military ardour had not yet died out of the Highlands, as shown by the fact that the two Highland regiments of militia—the Inverness and Ross—continued to hold their high place among the militia regiments of the kingdom. (Applause.) In spite of all that had been said about the calling out of the reserves in 1878 having frightened the people from joining the militia, that action had in no way interfered with the Highland regiments; and at this moment the Ross-shire (Highland Rifle) Militia was over its strength by more than 100 men. (Cheers.) The reserves of that regiment, when called out in 1878, turned out splendidly—three, four, or at most no more than five men absenting themselves. (Applause.)

Lieutenant G. J. CAMPBELL, for the Volunteers, said that in the town of Inverness, between rifles and artillery, there were nearly 900 men under arms as volunteers, and they were all men who were both able and willing to do their duty should they ever be called upon. (Applause.)

The SECRETARY at this stage intimated a large number of apologies; after which he read the annual report, which exhibited for last year an income of £167 8s 7½d, and an expenditure of £153 7s 10½d, showing a balance of £32 0s 9d in favour of the Society.

The CHIEF, after congratulating the Society on their eighth volume of Transactions, proceeded—The Society had arrogated to themselves the right of viewing the Highlander in his various aspects—they had seen him as a crofter and in his various other social occupations—to-night he thought it would not be out of place to have a glance at him as he might appear as a soldier. (Applause.) Some thought that a little military drill might improve him, and that as a soldier he would be a much more interesting subject than going about lounging as at present with his hands in his pockets. (Laughter.) Considering what the Highlanders were, what they are, and what they might be, and bearing in mind the distinction acquired by our Highland ancestors for military prowess, the present seemingly low ebb of military ardour in the north was a question of some



interest. (Applause.) To examine it they must take into consideration three periods. The first period was one of 60 years, extending from 1757 to 1815, when men were in great demand. The second period, from 1815 to the time of the Crimean War was one of peace. During it men were, so to speak, a drug in the market, and the Highlander was allowed to slip out of consideration and be supplanted by sheep. They might let that period for the present slip out of consideration, and treat it as it treated the men. (Laughter.) The third period was that from the Crimean War, or rather from 1859, after the threat of the French colonels which had put our present volunteer system in motion. During that period, which was our own period, the value of men again began to be recognised. Various Highland societies had started into existence, and wherever Highlanders had congregated in the towns of the south they were determined not to lose sight of the traditions of their ancestors, and through their agency, to a considerable extent, people began to put his true value on the Highlander. (Applause.) Immediately after the "rising" of 1745-6, when as a people the Highlanders were conquered, disarmed, and, he might say, undressed—(laughter)—everybody thought the military spirit had been entirely crushed out of the residue of the people. (Hear, hear.) But what were the facts? Only a dozen years after that, when Pitt called on the country, how did the Highlands respond? They all knew how the Highlands responded. In the Highlands regiment after regiment was raised till, in a period of forty years, the Highlander had contributed between forty and fifty regiments, which had greatly assisted the country in maintaining her own among the European nations, and enabled the Empire to extend her boundaries in every quarter of the globe—(cheers)—which really meant the extension of civilisation, the extension of Christianity, the extension of good government, and numerous other blessings besides. (Applause.) There was a very martial song composed by his friend, that well-known Highlander, Alex. Nicolson, Sheriff of Kirkcubright—(applause)—the chorus of which began "*Agus ho Mhorag*." It enumerated, in chronological order, the various actions and battles taken part in by our Highlanders from the days of Bannockburn, when Scotland gained her independence, to the triumphal entry of the 42d into Coomassie. (Cheers.) No one gloried in the gallant deeds of our ancestors more than he did. No one was more willing to acknowledge that by these gallant deeds a lustre was raised around them which was even shed on us their descendants at the present day, but in contrasting the past with the present he must say that he thought, with all deference to those gallant actions and deeds, that they had now among them in the Highlands men who had got the hearts to will and the arms to perform similar deeds of valour, if placed in a position where they would be called upon to do so. (Loud cheers.) Seeing that regiment after regiment was raised in those days, how did it come to pass that we cannot raise men in the Highlands in a similar way at the present day? If what he heard was true, the greatest difficulty was experienced in obtaining recruits for the Highland regiments. Can our nature be changed? or must we account for it by supposing that former clearances of men, for the sake of sheep, had anything to do with it? He should say most decidedly not, because he found that if the population of the Highlands was not so large as in those days, Inverness-shire at any rate had actually a much larger population now than in the days when the tremendous drain upon their resources to which he had alluded had gone on for sixty years. If it was thought that the Highland nature had changed, and that the Highlander was not so fond of military occupation as formerly, he thought that would not bear examination; for he found that wherever the volunteer system had been established Highlanders cordially adopted it. (Cheers.) Then let any of them go to the railway station at Inverness in the month of June and they would find hundreds—he might say thousands—of West Coast fishermen going to the East Coast fishing, a calling which he might term one of the perilous occupations. (Hear, hear.) Again, if they looked at the Highlander as they found him in the large towns and cities of the south, there they would find him engaged in the peaceful occupation of policeman. (Laughter.) They had thus exemplified in the Highland character a combination of order and adventure—the essential qualities of a good soldier. (Cheers.) Looking at figures, he found that in the rural and insular parts of the country there was a great break-down. (Hear, hear.) They did not contribute many men in comparison to what they formerly did. Inverness-shire had at present an insular population of 40,000, and the contributions it made to the military strength of the Empire were very small, especially when they recollected what these districts did in former days, and the large numbers of men they contributed to fight our battles. (Hear, hear.) He had heard the numbers computed at large figures, which it was unnecessary for him to repeat; but one thing he might mention which they did not perhaps know, and it was this—that the Isle of Skye alone had 1600 men engaged in the battle of Waterloo. (Applause.) It was all very well to state what we did. The question was—What are we doing now? On looking at the history of the raising of the Highland regiments, he found that in each instance the entire credit was due to the personal influence of the nobles, chiefs, and gentry who took an interest in the matter. (Hear, hear.) The moment these took the initiative they had no difficulty in getting men to follow them. Did they think that if either of the Pitts or the Government of the day had simply expressed a wish that there should

be an augmentation of the forces by the Highlanders, or that the Highlanders should join the army, or if they sent a Gaelic speaking recruiting sergeant to the Highlands.—Would that be successful in getting men? He had no hesitation in saying, No. The men did then what they would do now if called upon—they followed their chiefs and leaders. They followed those they knew and in whom they had confidence. The men were asked as a favour to join the regiments, and they did it. Let them look, for instance, at the history of the 92d, where the historical and beautiful Duchess of Gordon induced the men to enlist with the bounty of a sovereign and a kiss. (Laughter.) Why, if our ladies of the present day emulated that celebrated duchess—(laughter)—they would have the country bristling with bayonets. (Applause.) It must not be supposed, that because the rural populations did not join the Volunteer force, they had lost all military spirit. If the time came when the services of the people were required as they were in former days, the Highlanders would be found to retain their ancient military renown. (Cheers.) This Society had done good work in keeping up the recollection of the past, and stimulating us of the present day to imitate the deeds of our fathers, and he would ask them all to drink cordially to its success. (Loud cheers.)

Dr F. M. MACKENZIE proposed the members of Parliament for the Highland counties and burghs, and expressed the hope that "the day may soon come when some of us now around this table will grace the House of Commons." (Cheers.)

Mr JOLLY, in proposing "Celtic Literature," thought that he must have been again selected to speak to this toast as a sort of counteractive to the serious indictment made on the literature of the Gael by two of his Highland colleagues in last year's Educational Blue Book. It was a subject of the greatest interest and widest range, and one deeply affecting the interests of the Gaelic people more than many people thought. He could only touch on a few points. One point on which misapprehensions existed both among its friends and foes was its real character and importance. It should be valued for these alone, which were of high merit, and not for extrinsic and foreign elements which some of its too zealous friends arrogated to it. (Applause.) It was not valuable as containing history, philosophy, or science, or the like, the introduction of which into the discussion had complicated it with false issues. These should not be looked for there any more than grapes in Iceland or gooseberries in India. (Laughter.) Its highest merit lay in its being a vehicle for the utterance of the deepest elementary feelings of human nature, which formed nine-tenths of the daily experiences of the race, which the Highland people uttered according to the genius of their expressive and picturesque tongue, amidst the special colouring of their mountain home, and as influenced by their race and peculiar history, and which had produced a body of lyrical poetry of great intrinsic merit, viewed absolutely, and of still higher value as a cultural element to the people that had produced it. (Applause.) He would refer only to two distinguishing elements of this poetry. First, there was its relation to nature—its character as a branch of the naturalistic poetry of our country. In that it stood high. The Highlander had been always surrounded by natural influences of the greatest power from the country in which he lived, that had brought him into special relations with nature, and had early produced a poetry of nature of a striking kind; and this at a date long anterior to the rise of naturalistic poetry in Britain. (Applause.) Here Mr Jolly described several of the characteristics of this poetry—its animate descriptions of its various phases from sunshine to storm, its loving appreciation of its beauties both of animal and plant life, its glory in the varied scenery that filled their land, the constant interplay between nature and human feelings that pervaded it, the artistic use of its imagery in all its utterances and the like. Such poetry wherever it existed was of high value, and an important agent in culture. (Hear, hear.) When it arose in British literature it marked an important epoch, but it had always more or less existed in Gaelic literature. He then referred to its use in early education in generating a taste for natural beauty and grandeur, and the feelings it generated in young minds. The second element of value in this literature he would refer to was its value as giving varied, beautiful, and powerful utterance to the fundamental feelings of the human heart—those of home, daily life, social intercourse, war, and devotion. Here its lyrical poetry had eminent merit. (Applause.) He mentioned some of its characteristics, from the fiercest battle ode to sprightly humour and deep pathos and genuine passion. Such poetry should form a powerful element in the culture of any people possessing it, and it should be more employed than it had been. If rightly used it would dispel as a black mist before the sun much of the over-sombreness of the life of the Highlander and the over-sternness of his religion. (Applause.) Mr Jolly would not enter into, was in no way fitted to express an opinion, on the character and contents of the literature as a branch of general literature in itself and as related to others. The indictment against it by his colleagues he would leave to others to answer, and it required an answer. The accusers were men of ability who did not utter themselves rashly, especially in a question bearing so strongly on their relations to their own people. Their statements on the subject were important in many ways, and should be seriously met by competent Gaelic scholars, otherwise they would remain an unanswered challenge seriously affecting their literature, and the success of their own efforts in regard to it and related questions. In regard to this also, he had heard it said that the translations of

their poetry were no real expression of the original text, that they were finer than these, and especially as done by their friend Professor Blackie, were so coloured by the personality of the writers that an outsider such as the speaker could never know what Gaelic poetry really was. Was this true? It was for them to answer that. The Highland people themselves had in general an inadequate idea of their own literature, both as to its extent and nature; that was, he feared, too true, from various causes. That gave the teaching of it to Gaelic children, if adequately done, a special value in opening their eyes, and making it the cultural agent it might become. (Applause.) The chief thing that should be aimed at was less a mere grammatical study of the words than a real insight into the literature, as poetry and beauty. For that purpose a select anthology of Gaelic poetry and prose should be made by a competent Gaelic scholar for the use of Gaelic children in the higher classes, and as a specific subject, which he hoped it would soon become. (Cheers.) He was glad to tell them that an eminent publisher was prepared to issue such a book, even at a loss, from his interest in the Highlands, and that a distinguished Gaelic scholar had determined to take it in hand. (Applause.) If that were done, it would give practical expression to what they proposed to do when approaching Government on the matter. They did not recommend exclusive Gaelic literary culture, but the native literature alongside of the higher and richer English field; but they claimed justice to the native tongue, with its special avenues to the native mind. In that connection Mr Jolly hoped that the Northern Meeting would do something far higher than they had been doing in "playing at Highlanders,"—(loud applause)—and making a public exhibition of a few professionals,—(cheers)—and would imitate the Welsh in cultivating the Highlanders in a broader and higher way, making their literature a special aim. (Applause.) What was done on such occasions was a travesty on the Highlands. (Loud cheers.) Mr Jolly concluded by wishing all success to their efforts in the cultivation of their literature in all departments, and proposed the toast amidst great enthusiasm, coupling it with the names of Mr Alex. Mackenzie of the *Celtic Magazine*—whom he congratulated on his labours generally in that field, especially on the solid piece of good work performed in his "History of the Clan Mackenzie" recently published—and Mr John Whyte of the *Highlander*.

Mr MACKENZIE, in reply, congratulated Mr Jolly upon his speech in proposing the toast, and on the position he has taken up in connection with teaching Gaelic in Highland Schools, and proceeded to compare his views and disinterested advocacy of the rights of Highlanders on this question, with the crude, flippant, and misleading views expressed by others of Her Majesty's Inspectors in their official capacity in their latest reports to the Education Department. (Applause.) In the capacity in which they there appear, we are perfectly justified in criticising them and in asking if they are even competent judges. (Hear, hear.) Their remarks on Gaelic in the last Educational Blue Book is a public challenge to this Society, and to all who take an interest in teaching Gaelic in schools, and who assert that we have any literature. (Applause.) And it appears to me that the Federation of Celtic Societies would be much better engaged in getting up an effective answer, in the form of a pamphlet or otherwise, to be sent to "their Lordships" and distributed among those interested, than in discussing such burning questions as the Land Question, and other political subjects—(loud applause)—and I trust they, and this Society, will at once take the matter up. (Hear, hear.) For me to stand up at a meeting like this, and occupy the time of the members of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, at this time of day, to prove that a Gaelic literature exists would be quite superfluous. Those who assert the contrary are either ignorant, dishonest, or prejudiced. (Hear, hear.) I am dealing with Her Majesty's Inspectors as public officials and mean to make no personal reflections. I have no great quarrel with Mr Ross for what appears in his report to the Education Department, for he has been driven in spite of himself to recommend "to place Gaelic in the schedule of Special Subjects, and thus put it, as regards the country and the universities, precisely on the same level as Latin and Greek." (Applause.) Personally, I never advocated more than is here conceded, except that the language of Gaelic-speaking children should be used as a medium to teach them English. But I know that Mr Ross long opposed this, especially in an article which appeared in the second number of the *Ross-shire Journal*, and in a letter which he afterwards wrote to the *Glasgow News*, and to both of which I replied at the time. The "negative attitude" and other choice stock phrases of the report will also be found in his earlier lucubrations. Were it not pitiable to see a really clever Highlander disposing as he does of a great literary problem which has baffled even more distinguished scholars than he—(hear, hear)—it would be amusing to see him giving forth dogmatically, without the slightest doubt, as if he were the Pope himself acting *ex Cathedra*, his inspired conclusions on the poems of Ossian, which he says, "if ancient, would be a noble literary heritage; but unfortunately these poems are a modern fabrication." (Oh!) Get over that if you can, gentlemen of the Gaelic Society. It shows how easily an Inspector of Schools (and thank Godness I am not one)—(loud laughter)—can settle a controversy about which other great scholars have, even yet, some little difficulty. His elaborate paragraph on Gaelic Statistics crumbles like a pack of cards by the mere withdrawal of the word "only." I never heard that

upwards of 300,000 Highlanders spoke Gaelic *only*, but the introduction of the word "only" by Mr Ross was, of course, unintentional, though it comes in well as a prop to his otherwise weak-kneed paragraph. Other paragraphs are equally unstable, and could just as easily be tumbled over if time permitted. (Applause.) The man who composed that paragraph is too clever by half. (Cheers.) I am not, however, done with Mr Ross. This Society has given him 24 pages of their last volume of Transactions for an abuse of themselves, which, in my opinion, for this reason alone, they thoroughly deserve. I cannot understand why we at all exist as a Society if all Mr Ross says regarding us is true; and even if true, to publish his charges in our Transactions and at our own expense is a thing for which I can see no legitimate reason, and a thing against which I strongly protest. At the rate I pay for printing, his two papers cost the Society about £10, and circulation for nothing. (Laughter.) This is a great deal more than in my opinion they are worth. (Applause.) He then, at page 79, goes on to cumulate all the bad things said of the Celt by the enemies of the race for the last century and a half, pretty much as follows:—That the Celt is an impediment vanishing before civilization like the Red Indian; that from the dawn of history he has been centuries behind, hugging crass creeds which more enlightened people had abandoned; the best articles of his theology are disjointed fragments [Where are the Rev. Dr Mackay and other orthodox clergymen of the north?—(cheers and laughter)]; they are given to transparent pretence; they possessed incoherent eloquence [perhaps like my own—(oh! and laughter)]; a volcanic tendency to revolt; they have been visionaries dead to the laws of facts; pretentious bards; and when not dreamers, they have been scourges in lands which they failed to conquer or till. The best, the most law-abiding of them, have seldom got beyond a melancholy wall, except when passion, the attribute of animal nature, has driven them into fits of revenge; until they change they can have no kindred with the friends of progress or social reform. Their language is a fitting article for savage imagery, and crude, conglomerate thinking; their philosophies are audacious myths or shreds of savage survivals; and their much vaunted poetry is stolen or appropriated from more fertile fields whenever it rises above the dignity of scurrilous twaddle, or extends beyond the borders of rude elemental lyric. (Oh!) I did not think that there were such a terrible lot of adjectives in Ogilvie's dictionary. (Laughter.) He admits that this is a fierce indictment, but he has no doubt that a certain egotistical class of Celts (like the members of this Society) merit this charge. (Oh! oh!) He then goes on to say in the same strain that that ignorant type of Highlander, who sees no manly virtue except beneath the kilt, which, in his ignorance, he calls the national garb; who hears no sweet sound except that of the bag-pipes, which with equal ignorance he calls the national instrument; and who finds no poetry except in Gaelic, which he regards as the national language. Gentlemen, what an ignoramus the Highlander has always been before we had inspectors of schools—(loud laughter)—to think that Gaelic was his national language. (Laughter.) What was it? This typical Celt is altogether ignorant of the merest elements of his ancestral history; he preaches manliness and toadies to the nearest lord—[Where are you John Murdoch? (applause)]—his function is to ignore facts and to over-rule the laws of social polity and national sequence. (Oh! oh!) He calls himself a reformer, and he advocates a return to the kilt, to the bagpipes, to Gaelic, all of which he loudly asserts to possess high national antiquity as well as high national virtues; but the Celtic *savant* in Europe—Mr Ross of course; and what a blessing it is we have one modest Celt—(great laughter)—knows that the kilt is neither ancient nor Gaelic; that the bagpipe is Slavonic, and not the national instrument of the Gaelic people; and that Gaelic itself is a very modern and very composite dialect; and so on through this remarkable article, which you have published in your annual volume. (Hear, hear.) It is not for me to say whether this is all true or not. Indeed I dare not when such a distinguished oracle—(laughter)—proclaims it in our own Transactions. But whether it be true or not, our annual volume is not the place to publish such charges against ourselves and the race in whose interest we have come into existence as a Society. (Loud Applause.) As one of the originators of this Society I strongly protest against its funds and its volume of Transactions being used for such an unpatriotic purpose. (Cheers.) I have left myself but little time to say anything about Mr Sime's conclusions and the manner in which he expresses them to "My Lords." He "should regard the teaching of Gaelic in schools, in any shape or form, as a most serious misfortune." (Oh! oh!) He then has a dig at the "patriots," [the word is in inverted commas of course—(laughter)] and informs us that Gaelic "is not and never will be of the slightest value in conducting the business of this world," forgetting, if common report be true, that he himself owes his position as one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools to what I know to be, his very limited knowledge of it. (Laughter and applause.) It must have been of some commercial value to him. (Loud laughter.) He says that there is the strongest reasons for not teaching it; which is perfectly true from his stand-point, for the double reason, that he has not a sufficient knowledge of it to examine the scholars in it,—(hear, hear)—and that most of the teachers are so ignorant of it that they cannot teach it. (Applause.) The cure for this is too obvious to need pointing out. (Hear.) I agree with him that "every

teacher so situated would rejoice were Gaelic, as a spoken tongue, abolished root and branch." I know Mr Sime too well not to know that he is incapable of misrepresenting the facts wilfully. It is, however, equally certain that he does not understand them. His references—for they are not worthy the name of arguments—about the "bread and butter point of view" and the comparative advantages of reading the English or Gaelic Bible, and Gaelic as a means of culture, are beneath notice. Mr Sime would lead "My Lords" to think that we advocated the teaching of Gaelic to the exclusion of English. This is worse than nonsense. (Hear, hear.) No sane Highlander ever went that length. (Applause.) What I want, and what you want, is that Gaelic should be used as a means to teach English, and also made a special subject, as even Mr Ross and the Educational Institute now recommend. (Cheers.) Mr Sime most certainly does not understand the position—(hear)—for he entirely caricatures the claims of all intelligent advocates of Gaelic. (Applause.) The reasons which he gives for his advice to their Lordships, are misleading and illogical on the very face of them, and they will most undoubtedly be valued accordingly. (Applause.) In conclusion he thanks the teachers who have so readily and so fully responded to his request for information to be used in preparing his report; but I know those whose opinions, given at his request, in circulars sent out by him to teachers, and most of whom already knew his own views, are quite ignored in the report, just because they advocated that Gaelic should be made a special subject. The existence of such should have been at least acknowledged. (Cheers.) I am sorry that I should have been obliged to have spoken thus, but the challenge was a public one made by public officials in a public report. It is therefore fair game for criticism; and I have no hesitation in saying that if further challenged I shall take in hand to prove that some of these gentlemen, at least, are far too ignorant of Gaelic, and any literature it contains, to justify them in expressing any opinion upon it. (Loud applause.) I have occupied your time far too long, and I will now leave my friend, Mr Whyte, to do the amiable part of the business. (Loud and continued applause.)

Mr WHYTE said—After the eloquent, pointed, powerful, and I had almost said, pugnacious speech of Mr Mackenzie—(laughter)—it seems to me almost necessary to remind the meeting that my friend was not replying for the Army and Navy—(laughter)—but for the much more peaceful toast of Celtic Literature. I am sure after the effective address to which we have just listened, you will commend my good sense when I tell you that I have no intention of inflicting any lengthened speech of mine upon you. Indeed it is not required, and moreover, you will admit that a very serious disadvantage attaches to a mere smatterer in Celtic literature, like me, if called upon to follow such a Demosthenes as the editor of the *Celtic Magazine*. You must also remember that I have not, like some of our friends, had the benefit of a voyage to the Western land of eloquence to lubricate the eagle pinions of my oratory. (Laughter.) I do not know very well how to account for the fact that my name was selected from among the large circle round this table, of men much more capable than I am to do justice to this subject. Perhaps I may account for it somewhat as a newspaper reporter once defended the correctness of his account of a meeting which he had described as "large and appreciative," while the fact was that there was no one present but himself and another gentleman. (Laughter.) The report, he said, was absolutely correct, for the other gentleman was "large" and he himself was "appreciative." Now, sir, I think I may point to my friend the editor of the *Celtic Magazine* as possessing the necessary dimensions—(loud laughter)—both physically and figuratively, for a fit and proper representative of Celtic literature; and I can assure the meeting that no one can be more "appreciative" of the beauties and merits of our Celtic literature than I am. (Applause.) It is quite unnecessary to occupy your time in proving the falsity of the statement so often made that we have no literature—a statement that has been so often contradicted, and even now so effectually rebutted by Mr Jolly and Mr Mackenzie. It were an impertinent reflection on the members of the Gaelic Society of Inverness for me to assume that they were ignorant of the existence of not only a respectable and not insignificant literature even in the vernacular Gaelic of the Highlands of Scotland, but also of the vast stores that exist in the language of the ancient Celts of Ireland and Wales, and the wide and fruitful fields of our unwritten literature, if I may use the phrase. (Cheers.) But, Mr Chairman, even if we admit—which we don't—that our literature, strictly speaking, is small and unimportant, I hold that we have in other respects no small title to claim rather a large crop of literature. Falstaff says—"I have not only wit in myself, but I am the cause that wit is in other men." So even if we had no literature of our own, are we not the cause that there is literature in other men? (Hear, hear, and applause.) Who does not see the large and all prevailing influence of the Celtic element in the character and volume of the literature, not only of our own country, but in that of almost all civilised nations. (Cheers.) But, sir, we have a living and growing literature. We do not require to go beyond our own little burgh, or outside of this Society to find abundant proof of this. Besides our local newspapers which from week to week give forth their quota, and the Gaelic Society with its annual volume of valuable Transactions, have we not the *Celtic Magazine*, with my portly friend at its head—(cheers)—from month to



month adding to the fund of our literature? And let me also specifically mention one most valuable item of Mr Mackenzie's work in the augmentation of the store: I mean his recently published *History of the Clan Mackenzie*—the most important and the handsomest work ever issued from our Northern press. (Applause.) In conclusion, Mr Chairman, I don't think I am out of place in referring to an honoured member of our Society who, though by nativity and ancestry perhaps, a Saxon, or at least a Lowlander, has exerted an immense influence in the formation of opinion on this subject—guiding the minds of young and old among us, and inviting into exercise those powers which are known to be latent in the Celtic character—and who is, I am sorry to say, about to leave our neighbourhood. Indeed but for this circumstance, I would not in his own presence have ventured to make this reference. I mean our excellent friend Mr Jolly. (Cheers.) Why, sir, the very mention of his name at a gathering of the Gaelic Society of Inverness renders any eulogiums on my part perfectly superfluous. (Applause.) Mr Jolly, sir, is a genuine Celt—(hear, hear)—and though neither speaking our tongue, nor wearing our Highland garb, yet in heart, and life, and work, he is the "noblest Roman of us all." (Great applause.)

Mr Ross, architect, proposed "Kindred Societies," the object of which, as well as of this society, is the preservation of records, the elucidation of our early history, and the perpetuation of all that is good and worthy in the nation. (Applause.) Unfortunately, much of the early history of Scotland, especially before the tenth century, is enveloped in darkness and obscurity, and we have but faint rays of light in the incidental references of Roman and other writers. We are thus left to grope about as we best can. These occasional lights or beacons, faint and distant though they be, serve as a starting-point, and daily through the instrumentality of zealous individuals and the encouragement of this and kindred societies, obscure points are being cleared up, and our knowledge of the early history of our native land extended. (Applause.) When we look at our Transactions, now extending to eight goodly volumes, one feels that the time of this Society has not been mispent, and that in the departments of folk-lore, philology, and song, good work has been done. (Applause.) I am not one of those people that believe that Gaelic is destined long to survive as a commercial language; but it is not dead yet, and will not die out in our time, and it is necessary to the very ends of history, to which I referred, that its bones should be preserved, and for this reason I hail with pleasure the successful accomplishment of Blackie's task—the gathering of funds for the endowment of the Celtic Chair. (Cheers.) So far back as 1836 this scheme was taken up by the Gaelic Society of London and others. Mr Ross here pointed out what other societies had done in collecting the scattered fragments of archaeological remains and folk-lore of the people, and continued—I am glad to see that the songs and folk-lore are receiving special attention from the members of the Inverness Society, and from their situation in the heart of the Highlands they can, or ought, to do more than almost any other. There are, I am glad to observe, many other stations where societies have been established, notably at Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Oban, Perth, and I confess I should like to hear more of similar societies in the colonies. (Applause.) I am not aware of what has been done, or that anything definite has been done in this direction—though social clubs are no doubt plentiful. I have yet to learn that they have undertaken any definite work. Mr Mackenzie, in his late rambles through Canada, referred to fine libraries of Celtic literature and enthusiastic scholars. Surely they may do something to forward the work. I am glad to say we have more than one society in Inverness devoting its energies to the investigation of the early records and history, and also to the collecting and storing of every trace of archaeological remains that can be found, and I hope when we have the benefit of our new Museum and Library, to see them both enriched by a full complement of Celtic relics and literature. They ought to be a crowning feature of our collection, and I trust they will be so. (Applause.) When we look around, and find that even within the memory of many here, societies having these special objects in view which we now possess, have grown and passed away, and what is still more sad, their collections perished, we ought to make every effort to preserve what is left to us, and I do hope that with the adoption of the Free Libraries Act, and the establishment of a permanent museum, we shall be able not only to recover, but to preserve every atom and object of interest in Highland history. (Applause.) When I said that many societies and members thereof have passed away, I am glad to be able to point to one exception, and he is a notable one—I mean Mr Colin Chisholm, for many years President of the Gaelic Society of London, and whose kindly face and reverend appearance, at our annual feast here, adds much to the character and pleasure of the evening. (Loud cheers.)

Mr COLIN CHISHOLM said—Having been attached for the greater part of my life to kindred societies in the south, I may be permitted, at the outset, to express my opinion—as the result of observation and long experience—that it would be both desirable and beneficial for a young man from the Highlands to join a society of his countrymen in any town in which his lot may be cast in the south. The one I joined, the Gaelic Society of London, the oldest of all Scottish societies in London, was a source of much pleasure and information to me. It is now venerable, having celebrated its centenary three years ago.



(Applause.) The cordiality with which all present honoured "Kindred Societies" is an earnest of the undying attachment which all Celtic societies have to each other. With no other is that welfare more at heart, better understood, or more efficiently promoted than by the Gaelic Society of Inverness.

Mr ANDREW MACDONALD proposed the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Inverness, to which

Councillor JOHN NOBLE replied, saying that by the retirement of an excellent man, Provost Simpson, a gentleman who had done good work for a great many years—(cheers)—the Council was in a state of interregnum; but he trusted the office would soon be filled up, and that the next Provost would be a man bearing the name of a clan that had always been intimately connected with, and favourable to, the town of Inverness. (Applause.)

Mr JAMES BARRON proposed "The Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the North of Scotland"—a toast which it might be said embraced the entire material interests of the district, for it was either on commerce or agriculture that the population depended. During the past year we had experienced a crisis of exceptional severity. So extreme was it in commerce that he hoped we might never look upon the like again. (Hear, hear.) No one could remember without a chill the gloom that sat upon men's faces or the depression that clogged their energies and filled their hearts with dismay. Thanks, however, to the tact, forbearance, and patience of a few skilful men, the worst apprehensions were never realised, and we had now shaken off the incubus, and were rejoicing in returning prosperity. (Applause.) In agriculture, he thought, we had not been so ill off as people were in some parts of the country. In the country, as a whole, the wheat crop, which should have returned over 11,000,000 quarters, had failed to yield even 7,000,000 quarters; and he had observed that a farmer stated recently that he had lost £20,000 in five years. In the North their losses were not so large, but they were large enough. Arable and pastoral farmers had both suffered. Wool had fallen so low that it actually became unsaleable, and he need not remind them of the fears that were experienced regarding foreign competition in meat and grain. Happily, if they now got favourable seasons, agriculture promised to share in the revival that had set in. (Hear, hear.) We were alive here in spite of the Americans, and, indeed, it was curious that returning vitality was in a great measure owing to this very people. The demand from the United States gave the first impulse to activity, and he had been informed that we were actually indebted to American manufacturers for the sudden and wonderful rise in the price of wool. (Applause.) In conclusion, he observed that if any agriculturists deserved to succeed, they were the industrious and intelligent agriculturists of the North of Scotland—(applause)—and if any commercial community deserved to prosper, it was that community which stood manfully together in the darkest hour, and saved an institution which so many powerful elements had combined to destroy. (Cheers.)

Mr ROBERT GRANT (of Messrs Macdougall & Co., Royal Tartan Warehouse) replied in a neat speech, after which

Mr WM. B. FORSYTH of the *Advertiser* proposed the "Non resident Members," and said it was most gratifying to know that these gentlemen formed a considerable proportion of the Society—more than one half in fact—while they contributed largely to the funds, and displayed great interest in the objects and proceedings of the Society. Indeed, they composed perhaps the most enthusiastic class of members. (Applause.) He coupled the toast with the name of a gentleman who had been a member from the beginning, and had shown a lively interest in their affairs, Mr A. C. Mackenzie, Maryburgh. (Applause.)

Mr MACKENZIE, in responding, said that as one of the oldest members of the Society, he had much pleasure in replying for the non-resident members, who, as Mr Forsyth remarked, formed the majority of the Society. The country members were inclined to look on the town members as a sort of general standing committee to carry out the behests of the non-residents, and that duty was well and satisfactorily performed. (Cheers.) The action of the Society which interested him most, as a teacher, was the efforts made to secure the teaching of their native language in their schools. (Applause.) On this subject some strong opinions had been expressed on both sides, but these views were now being modified so much that there was a better prospect of an agreement on the subject. He was sorry to see their Highland Inspectors going so far out of their way to decry our Gaelic literature, which, though not extensive, was interesting, and well worthy of preservation. (Applause.) Of the five inspectors at work in the Highlands, two were Saxons, and he was not sure but one of them, their friend the Croupier, was in sentiment the most Highland of them all. (Cheers.) The other three were native Highlanders; but he was sorry to see that they did not sympathise much with Gaelic. He was, however, well satisfied with Mr Ross's conclusion, though how he arrived at it from his premises he (the speaker) could not well understand. (Laughter.) It was remarked that Mr Sims had consulted the teachers, which he knew to be the case; but he also knew that the great majority of them held their inspector's views. He might state that he (Mr M.) was one of the smaller number. (Cheers.)

Mr WM. MACKAY, solicitor, proposed "The Clergy of all Denominations" in an amusing antiquarian speech, which, we regret, the space at our disposal will not at pre-

sent admit of publication, but we hope Mr Mackay will add to it, and give it to us in another form. The Rev. Mr BISSET, Stratherrick, replied in an exceedingly happy manner. "The Press" was proposed by Mr D. CAMPBELL, Bridge Street, and replied to by Mr W. B. FORSYTH of the *Inverness Advertiser*. Captain SCOBIE proposed "The Croupiers," and Mr JOLLY replied. Mr WM. MACKAY proposed the Secretary, Mr Wm. Mackenzie, who, he said, conducted the work of the Society in a manner so efficient and admirable as to make it impossible to over-estimate his services.

Sir KENNETH MACKENZIE of Gairloch, Bart., who was received with loud applause, again and again renewed, proposed the health of the Chairman. (Cheers.) One of the advantages which he (Sir Kenneth) had experienced by being present at this meeting was that he had been enabled to form the acquaintance of Mr Macdonald of Skaeboast, whom, it was, indeed, a very great pleasure to know, and to have as Chief of this Society. (Applause.) He had been long known as an excellent Highland gentleman, and a most indulgent landlord; and in an age when the necessities of the many are sometimes sacrificed to the pleasures of the few—in an age when game on Highland properties frequently assumed a greater importance, considering the population, than it ought to assume—there was nothing of the kind to be found on Mr Macdonald's property in Skye. (Cheers.)

The CHAIRMAN briefly replied, gave "Good Night," and the meeting separated. Gaelic and English songs were sung in the course of the evening by Messrs Fraser, Mauld; Jolly, Maclean, and Whyte; and Pipe-Major MacLennan greatly enhanced the pleasure of the meeting by discoursing excellent bag-pipe music.

BOOKS, &c., RECEIVED.—"Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness," vol. viii.; Isaiah Frae Hebrew intil Scottis," by the Rev. P. Hatley Waddell, LL.D.; "Mackay's Regiment," by John Mackay of Benreay; and "Bonnie Prince Charlie," a Drama.

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